The Saturday Evening Post.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2582.

GOD'S SANCTUARY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! if God speaketh anywhere,
'Tis in the pure, the unbounded air;
Seldom is born the mystic seer
Within the city's atmosphere;
Not often from its smoke and slime
Rise up the men who lead their time—
The spirits fearless and sublime,
Whom God has given unto man
Expounders of his perfect plan,
Bright suns, round whom the centuries
Revolve like planets in the skies;
Centres of systems which still roll
Upheld by the universal soul.
Far from the fret of town and mart,
Poet and prophet dwell apart.
Out from the sacred solitude
Of Indian forests came the Buddh;
Beside the Sutledge, wild and strong
Rose up, in that rude, primal tongue,
The dark-haired Aryan prophet's song;
The monk of Germany unfurled
The flag of truth that woke the world;
The strong sea waves to Channing brought
Of that fair freedom which he taught;
And in the desert's twilight hush
The Lord spoke from the burning bush
To him who, in his manhood's lore,
The word again to Israel bore.

Go forth into the air, the word
Of God upon its wings is borne;
And in the ever sacred morn
Thou in thy solitude shalt hear
What the old saints and sages heard.
And mounting in thought's loftier sphere,
If thou dost strive most earnestly,
If thou dost heed most reverently,
Perchance still further shalt thou see
Than they into the mystery.
Thyself may be the messenger
Whom God shall choose new truth to bear;
Thyself shall share the ecstasy,
Thyself mankind shall glorify,
Thyself shall free the century!

RUPERT.

DON RODOLFO'S RETURN.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE STAY IN THE FOREST.

When the fight was over, and order restored at the post, the captain bade his lieutenant have the bodies lying on the battle-field picked up and hung by the feet to the trees on the plain, so that they might become the prey of wild beasts, though not until they had been decapitated. The heads were to remain exposed on the walls of the forts, and act as an object of terror to the bandits, who, after this act of summary justice, would not venture to approach the neighborhood of the post.

Then, when all these orders had been given, the commandant returned to his residence, where Don Ruis had already preceded him in order to reassure his sister as to the result of the fight. Don Marcos was *radiant*: he had gained a great advantage—at least he thought so—over the border ruffians; he had inflicted on them an exemplary punishment at the expense of an insignificant loss, and supposed that for a long time no one would venture to attack the post entrusted to him.

Unfortunately, the woodranger was not of the same opinion: each time the captain smiled and rubbed his hands at the recollection of some episode in the fight, Stronghand shook his head sadly, and frowned anxiously. This was done so frequently, that at last the worthy commandant was compelled to take notice of it.

"What's the matter with you now?" he asked him, with an air half vexed, half pleased. "You are, on my soul, the most extraordinary man I know. Nothing satisfies you; you are always in a bad temper. Hang it! I do not know how to treat you. Did we not give those scoundrels a remarkable thrashing, eh? Come, answer!"

"I allow it," the hunter replied laconically.

"Hum! It is lucky you allow so much. And yet they fought bravely, I fancy."

"Yes; and it is that which frightens me."

"I do not understand you."

"Was I not giving you important information when we were interrupted by the Cabo Hernandez?"

"That is to say, you were going to give it me."

"Yes; and with your permission, now that we have no fear of being interrupted for a while, I will impart the news to you."

"I ask nothing better; although I suppose that the defeat the pirates have experienced must deprive the news of much of its importance."

"The pirates play but a very small part in what I have to tell you."

"Speak, then! I know that you are too earnest a man to try and amuse yourself at my expense by inspiring me with ridiculous alarm."

"You shall judge for yourself the perils of the situation in which you may find yourself at any moment, if you do not employ the greatest precaution and the most excessive prudence."

The two men seated themselves on butacas, and the commandant, who was more excited than he wished to show by this startling preamble, made the hunter a sign to commence his revelations.

"About two months ago," the latter began, "I was at the Presidio of San Estevan, whither certain personal matters had called me. This presidio, which, as you know, is about two days' journey from here, is very important, and serves to some extent in connecting all the posts scattered along the Indian border."

The captain gave a nod of assent.

"I am," the hunter continued, "on rather intimate terms with Don Gregorio Ochova, the colonel commanding the presidio, and during my last stay at San Estevan I had opportunities for seeing him rather frequently. You know the savageness of my character, and the species of instinctive repulsion with which anything resembling a town inspires me; hence, I need hardly say, that no sooner was my business ended than I made preparations to depart, and, according to my custom, intended to leave the presidio at a very early hour. I did not like to go away without saying good-by to the colonel and shaking hands with him; so I went to his house for the purpose of taking leave. I found him in a state of extreme agitation, walking up and down, and apparently affected by a violent passion or great anxiety. On seeing me, he uttered an exclamation of delight, and ran up to me, exclaiming—

"'Oh, Stronghand! where on earth have you been hiding? I have been seeking you everywhere for the last two hours, and have put a dozen soldiers on your heels, who could not possibly find you.'

"I looked at the colonel in surprise.

"'You were seeking for me, Don Gregorio? I assure you that I was close to you, and very easy to find.'

"'It seems not. But here you are—that is the main point; and I care little where you were, or what you were doing. Do you think about making any lengthened stay at San Estevan?'

"'No, colonel,' I answered at once, 'my affairs are settled; I intend to start at an early hour to-morrow, and I have just come to say good-by, and thank you for the hospitality you have shown me during my stay at the presidio.'

"'Good!' he said eagerly, 'that is all for the best; but,' he added, recollecting himself, and taking my hand in a kindly way, 'do not suppose that it is my desire to see you depart that makes me speak thus.'

"'I am convinced of the contrary,' I remarked with a bow.

"He continued,—"'You can, Stronghand, do me a great service, if you will.'

"'I am at your command.'

"'This is the matter,' he said, at once entering on the business. 'For some days past, the most alarming reports have been spreading through the presidio, though it is impossible to find out their origin.'

"'And what may they be?' I asked.

"'It is said—(notice, I say it is said, and affirm nothing, as I know nothing positive)—it is said, then, that a general uprising against us is preparing—that the Indians, laying aside for a moment their private hatreds, and forgetting their clannish quarrels to think only of the hereditary hatred they entertain for us, are combining to attempt a general attack on the posts, which they purpose to destroy, in order to devastate our borders more freely. Their object is said to be, not only the destruction of the posts, but also the invasion of several states, such as Sonora and Cinaloa, in which they intend to establish themselves permanently after expelling us.'

"'The reports are serious,' I remarked, 'but nothing has as yet happened to confirm their truth.'

"'That is true; but you know that there is always a certain amount of truth in every vague rumor, and it is that truth I should like to know.'

"'Is no nation mentioned by name among those which are to take up arms?'

"'Yes; more particularly the Papayos—that is to say, the grand league of Apaches, Axuas, Gilenos, Comanches, Mayos, and Opatas. But the more serious thing is, always according to the report, that the white and half-breed marauders on the border are leagued with them, and mean to help them in their expedition against us.'

"'That is really serious,' I answered; 'but, pardon me for questioning you, colonel; what do you purpose doing to make head against the imminent danger that threatens you?'

"'That is exactly why I want you, my friend; and you would do me a real service by assisting me in this affair.'

"'I am ready to do anything that depends on myself to oblige you.'

"'I was certain of that answer, my friend. This is the matter, then. You understand that I cannot remain thus surrounded by vague rumors and terrors that have no apparent cause, but still carry trouble into families and cause perturbation in trade. During the last few weeks, especially, various serious events have given a certain consistency to these rumors—travellers have been murdered, and several valuable wagon trains plundered, almost at the gates of the Presidio. It is time for this state of things to cease, and for us to know definitely the truth or falsehood of the rumors; for this purpose I require a brave, devoted man, thoroughly acquainted with Indian manners and customs, who would consent—'

"I interrupted him quickly.

"'I understand what you want, colonel; seek no further, for I am the man you stand in need of. To-morrow at sunrise I will start: and within two months I pledge myself to give you the most explicit information, and tell you what you may have to fear, and what truth there is in all that is being said around you.'

"The colonel thanked me warmly, and the next morning I set out on my tour of investigation, as we had arranged."

"Well," the captain exclaimed, who had followed this long story with ever increasing interest; "and what information have you picked up?"

"This information," the hunter answered, "is of a nature far more serious than even public report had said. The situation is most critical, and not a moment must be lost in preparing for defence. I was going to San Estevan, where Colonel Don Gregorio must be awaiting my return with the utmost impatience, when I thought of seeing whether the Post of San Miguel, which had been so long unoccupied, had received a garrison. That is how chance, my dear captain, made us meet here when I thought I should see you at the Presidio."

The captain shook his head thoughtfully.

"A month ago," he said, "Don Gregorio ordered me to come here and hold my ground, though he did not inform me of the motives that compelled him so suddenly to place San Miguel in a state of defence."

"Well; now you know the reasons."

"Yes; and I thank you for having told me. But, between ourselves, are matters so serious as you lead me to suppose?"

"A hundred times more so. I have traversed the desert in all directions; I have been present at the meetings of the chiefs—in a word, I know the most private details of the expedition that is preparing."

"*Vive Dios!* I will not let myself be surprised—be at your ease about that; but you were right in advising me to ask for help, as my garrison is too weak to resist a well-arranged assault. This morning's attack has made me reflect; so I will immediately—"

"Do not take the trouble," the hunter interrupted him; "I will act as your express."

"What! are you going to leave us at once?"

"I must, my dear captain; for I have to give Don Gregorio an account of the mission he confided to me. Reflect what mortal anxiety he must feel at not seeing me return."

"That is true. In spite of the lively pleasure I should feel in keeping you by me, I am compelled to let you go. When do you start?"

"This moment."

"Already?"

"My horse has rested; there are still five or six hours of daylight left, and I will take advantage of them."

He made a movement to leave the room.

"You have not said good-by to Don Ruiz and his sister," the captain observed.

The hunter stopped, his brows contracted, and he seemed to be reflecting.

"No," he said, ere long, "it would make me lose precious time. You will make my apologies to them, captain. Moreover," he added with a bitter smile, "our acquaintance is not sufficiently long, I fancy, for Don Ruiz and his sister to attach any great importance to my movements, so for the last time, good-by."

"I will not press you," the captain answered; "do as you please. Still, it would have perhaps been more polite to take leave."

"Nonsense," he said, ironically; "am I not a savage? Why should I employ that refinement of politeness which is only customary among civilized people?"

The captain contented himself with shrugging his shoulders as an answer, and they went out. Five minutes later the hunter was mounted.

"Do not fail to report to the colonel," Don Marcos said, "what happened here to-day; and, above all—ask him for assistance."

"All right, captain; and do not you go to sleep."

"*Carai*—I shall feel no inclination. So now, good-by, and good luck!"

"Good-by, and many thanks."

They exchanged a last shake of the hand, the hunter galloped out into the plain, and the captain returned to his house, muttering to himself.

"What a strange man! Is he good or bad? Who can say?"

When the supper hour arrived, the two young people, astonished at the hunter's absence, asked after him of the captain. When the latter told them of his departure, they felt grieved and hurt at his having gone without bidding them farewell; and Dona Mariana especially, was offended at such unaccountable behaviour on the part of a caballero; for which, in her desire to excuse him, she in vain sought a reason. Still they did not show their feelings, and the evening passed away very pleasantly.

At the hour for retiring, Don Ruis, more than ever eager to rejoin his father, reminded the captain of the offer of service he had made him, and asked for an escort, in order to continue his journey on the morrow; but Don Marcos answered with a peremptory refusal, that not only would he give no escort, but he insisted on his relations remaining temporarily under his guard.

Don Ruis naturally asked an explanation of his cousin; which he did not hesitate to give, by telling them of the conversation between himself and the hunter. Don Ruis and his sister had been too near death to expose themselves again to the hazards of a long journey in the desert alone, and unable to offer any effectual defence against such persons as thought proper to attack them; still the young man, annoyed at this new delay, asked the captain at what period they might hope to regain their liberty.

"Oh! your seclusion will not be long," the latter replied, with a smile; "so soon as I have received the reinforcements I expect from San Estevan—that is to say, in seven or eight days at the most—I will pick you out an escort, and you can be off."

Don Ruis, forced to satisfy himself with this promise, thanked him warmly; and the young people made their arrangements to pass the week in the least wearisome way possible. But life is very dull at a frontier post, especially when you are expecting a probable attack from the Indians, and, when, consequently, all the gates are kept shut, when sentries are stationed all around, and the only amusement is to look out on the plain through the loop-holes.

The captain, justly alarmed by the news the hunter had given him, had made the best arrangements his limited resources allowed to resist any attack from the Indians, if they appeared before the succor arrived from San Estevan. By his orders all the rancheros and small landowners established within a radius of fifteen leagues had been warned of an approaching invasion, and received an invitation to take shelter within the post.

The majority, recognizing the gravity of this communication, hastened to pack up their furniture and most valuable articles; and driving before them their horses and cattle, hurried from all sides at once to the fort, with a precipitation which proved the profound terror the Indians inspired them with. In this way, the interior of San Miguel was soon encumbered with young men and old men, women, and children, and cattle—most of whom, unable to find lodgings in the houses, were forced to bivouac in the yards; which, however, was but a trifling inconvenience to them in a country where it hardly ever rains, and where the nights are not cold enough to render sleeping in the open air unpleasant.

The captain organized this heterogeneous colony to the best of his ability. The women, children and old men were sheltered under tents or *jacals* made of branches, to protect them from the copious morning dew, while all the men capable of bearing arms were exercised, so as in case of attack to assist in the common defence.

But this enormous increase of population required an enormous stock of provisions; and hence the captain sent out numerous patrols for the purpose of procuring the required corn and cattle. Don Ruiz took advantage of this to make excursions in the vicinity; while his sister, in the company of young girls of her own age, of whom several had entered the fort with their families, tried to *forget*, or rather cheat, the weariness of their seclusion.

The appearance of the post had completely changed; and, thanks to the captain's intelligence, ten days after the hunter's departure San Miguel had become a really formidable fortress. Large trenches had been dug, and barricades erected; but, unfortunately, the garrison, though numerous enough to resist a sudden attack, was too weak to sustain a long siege.

One morning, at sunrise, the sentries signalized a thick cloud of dust advancing towards the post with the headlong speed of a whirlwind. The alarm was immediately given; the walls were lined with soldiers; and preparations were made to resist these men, who, though invisible, were supposed to be enemies.

Suddenly, on coming within gunshot, the horsemen halted, the dust dispersed, and the garrison perceived with delight that all these men wore the Mexican uniform. A quarter of an hour later, eighty lancers, each carrying an infantry-man behind him, entered the fort, amid the deafening shouts of the garrison and the farmers who had sought refuge behind the walls. It was the succor requested by the captain, and sent off from San Estevan by Colonel Don Gregorio.

CHAPTER VI.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

In Spanish America, and especially in Peru and Mexico, all the Creoles of the pure white breed pretended to be descended in a straight line from the first Conquistadors. We have no need to discuss this claim, whose falsehood is visible to any man at all conversant with the sanguinary history of the numberless civil wars—a species of organized massacre—which followed the establishment of the Spaniards in these rich countries.

Still there are in Spanish America some families, very few in number it is true, which can justly boast of this glorious origin. Most of these families live on the estates conceded to their ancestors—they only marry among themselves, and only interfere against the grain in the political events of the day. With their eyes turned to the past, which is

so full of great memories for them, they kept up the old traditions of the chivalrous loyalty of the time of Charles V., which are forgotten everywhere else. They maintain the national honor unsullied, and those patriarchal virtues of the old time which they alone still practice with a proud and simple majesty.

The Creoles, half-breeds, and Indians, in spite of the hatred they affect for their old masters, and the principles of so-called republican equality which they profess with such absurd emphasis in the presence of strangers, feel for these families a respect bordering on veneration; for they seem to understand inwardly the superiority of these powerful natures, which no political convulsion has been able to level or even bind, over their own vicious decrepit natures, which have grown old without ever having been young.

A few leagues from Arispe, the old capital of the intendancy of Sonora, but now greatly fallen, and only a second-class city, there stands like an eagle's nest, on the summit of an abrupt rock, a magnificent showy mansion, whose strong and haughty walls are crowned with *Almenas*, which at the time of the Spanish conquest were only permitted to families of the old and pure nobility, and they alone had the right to have battlements on their houses.

This fortress-palace—which dates from the first days of the conquest, and whose antiquity is written on its walls, which have seen so many bullets flatten, so many arrows break against them, but which time, that grand destroyer of the most solid things, is gradually crumbling away by a continuous effort, under the triple influences of the air, the sun, and rain—has never changed masters since the day of its construction, and the chiefs of the same family, on dying, have ever left it to their descendants.

This family is one of those to which we just now referred, whose origin dates back to the first conquerors, and whose name is Tobar de Moguer—(Moguer was added at a later date, doubtless in memory of the Spanish town whence the chief of the family came.)

In 1541, Don Antonio de Mendoza, viceroy of New Spain, organized the expedition to Cibola, a mysterious country, visited a few years previously by Alvaro Nunez, Cabeca of Vaca, and about which the most marvellous and extraordinary reports were spread, all the better suited to inflame the avarice and unextinguishable thirst for gold by which the Spanish adventurers were devoured.

The expedition, consisting of 300 Spaniards and 800 Indian allies, started from Compostella, the capital of New Galicia, on April 17, 1541, under the orders of Don Francisco Vasquez Coronado. The officers nominated by the viceroy were all gentlemen of distinction; among them as standard bearer was Don Pedro de Tobar, whose father, Don Fernando de Tobar, had been majordomo-major in the reign of Jane the Mad, mother of the Emperor Charles V.

We will only say a few words about this expedition, the preparations for which were immense; and which would have doubtless furnished better results, and proved to the advantage of all, had the chief thought less of the immense fortune he left behind in New Spain, and more of the immense responsibility weighing upon him.

After innumerable fatigues, the expedition reached Cibola, which, instead of being the rich and magnificent city they expected to see, was only a wretched insignificant village, built on a rock, and which the Spaniards seized after an hour's fighting. Still, the Indians defended themselves bravely, and several Spaniards were wounded. The general himself, hurled down by a stone, would have been infallibly killed, had it not been for the devotion of Don Pedro de Tobar and another officer, who threw themselves before him, and gave their chief time to rise and withdraw from the fight.

The Spaniards, half discouraged by the extraordinary fatigue they were forced to endure, and the continual deceptions that awaited them at every step, but still urged on by that spirit of adventure which never deserted them, resolved after the capture of Cibola to push further on and try their fortunes once again. Thus they reached, with extreme difficulty, the last country visited by the Cabeca de Vaca, to which he had given the name of the Land of Hearts (*tierra de los Corasones*)—not, as might be supposed, because the inhabitants had seemed so gentle and amiable, but solely because, at the period of his passing, the only food they offered him had been stags' hearts.

On reaching this place the Spaniards halted. Don Tristan d'Arellano, who had taken the command of the army in place of Don Francisco Coronado, who was ailing from the wound received at Cibola, seeing the rich and fertile appearance of this country, resolved to found a town, which he called San Hieronima de los Corasones. This town was, however, almost immediately abandoned by the Spaniards, who carried the various elements further, and started a new town, to which they gave the name of Senora, afterwards corrupted into Sonora, which eventually became the name of the province.

During this long expedition Don Pedro de Tobar distinguished himself on several occasions. At the head of seventeen horsemen, four foot soldiers, and a Franciscan monk of the name of Fray Juan de Padella who in his youth had been a soldier, Don Pedro de Tobar discovered the province of Tutaliaco, which contained several towns, the houses being of several stories. All these towns, or rather villages, were carried by storm by Don Pedro, and the province was subjugated in a few days.

When, twenty years after, the viceroy wishing to recompense Don Pedro's services, offered him estates, the latter, who held Senora in pleasant recollection, asked that land should be granted him in this province, which reminded him of the prowess of his youth, and to which he was attached by the very fatigues he had undergone and the dangers he had incurred. During the twenty years that had elapsed since Coronado's expedition, Don Pedro had married the daughter of Don Rodrigo Maldonado, brother-in-law of the Duke of Infantado, and one of his old comrades in arms. As Don Rodrigo had settled in Sonora, Don Pedro, in order to be near him, took up his abode on the site of Cibola, which had long been destroyed and abandoned, and built on the crest of the rock the magnificent Hacienda del Toro, which, as we have said, remained for centuries in the family, with the immense estates dependent on it.

Like all first-class haciendas in Mexico, El Toro was rather a town than a simple habitation, according to the idea formed in Europe of private estates. It comprised all the old territory of Cibola. On all sides its lofty walls, built on the extremity of the rock, hung over the abyss. It contained princely apartments for the owners, a chapel, workshops of every description, store-houses, barracks, quarters for the pious, and corals for the horses and cattle, with an immense *huerta*, planted with the finest trees and the most fragrant flowers. In a word, it was, and probably still is, one of those gigantic abodes which appear built for Titans, and of which the finest feudal chateaux in the Old World offer but an imperfect idea.

The fact is, that at the time when the conquerors built these vast residences, inhabitants were sparse in these countries, as is indeed the case now. The owners having their elbows at liberty, could take what land they liked, and hence each ultimately became, without creating any surprise, possessors of a territory equal in size to one of our counties.

It was in 1811, twenty-nine years before the period when our story begins, at the dawn of that glorious Mexican revolution the first cry of which had been raised on the night of September 16, 1810, by Hidalgo—at that time a simple parish priest in the wretched town of Dolores, and whose success, sixteen months later, was so compromised by the disastrous battle of Calderon, in which countless bands of fantastic Indians were broken by the discipline of the old Spanish troops—that the most sensible men regarded it as an unimportant insurrection—a fatal error which caused the ruin of the Spanish domination.

But on November 25, 1811, the day on which we begin this narrative, the insurgents had not yet been conquered at Calderon; on the contrary, their first steps had been marked by successes; from all sides Indians came to range themselves beneath their banner, and their army, badly disciplined, it is true, but full of enthusiasm, amounted to 80,000 men. Already master of several important towns, Hidalgo assembled all his forces with the evident design of dealing a great blow, and generalizing the insurrection, which had hitherto been confined to two provinces.

About two in the afternoon, that is to say, the time when in these climes the heat is most oppressive, a horseman, mounted on a magnificent mustang, was following at a gallop the banks of a small stream, half dried up by the torrid heat of the southern sun, and by whose side a few sickly cotton-wood trees were withering.

The dust, reduced to impalpable atoms, formed a dense cloud round the horseman, who, plunged into sad and gloomy thought, with pale forehead and brows contracted till they touched, continued his journey without noticing the desolate aspect of the country he was traversing, and the depressing calm that prevailed around him. In fact, an utter silence brooded over this desert: the birds had hidden themselves gasping under the foliage, and no other sound could be heard save the shrill, harsh cry of the grasshoppers, which occupied in countless myriads the calcined grass that bordered the road, or rather the track, the traveller was following.

This rider appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his features were handsome, his glance proud, and the expression of his face haughty, although marked with kindness and courtesy. He was tall and well built; his gestures, which were pleasing, though not stiff, indicated a man who, through his position in the world, was accustomed to a certain deference, and to win the respect of those who surrounded him. His dress had nothing remarkable about it: it was that usually worn by wealthy Spaniards when travelling; still, a short sword in a silver sheath and with a curiously-carved hilt, the only weapon he openly carried, showed him to be a gentleman; besides, his complexion, clearer than that of the Creoles, left no doubt as to his Spanish origin.

This horseman, who had left Arispe at sunrise, had been travelling, up to the moment we join him, without stopping or appearing to notice the stifling heat that made the perspiration run down his cheek—so deep was he in thought. On reaching a spot where the track he was following turned sharply to the left, his horse suddenly stopped. The rider, thus aroused from his revery, raised his head and looked before him, with grief, almost despair, in his glance.

He was at the foot of the rock on the summit of which stands the Hacienda del Toro in all its gloomy majesty. For some minutes he gazed with an expression of regret and sorrow at these frowning buildings, which doubtless recalled happy memories. He shook his head several times, a sigh escaped from his overburdened chest, and, seeming to form a supreme resolution, he said, in a choking voice, "I will go;" and letting his horse feel the spur, he began slowly scaling the narrow path that led to the summit of the rock and the hacienda gate. A violent contest seemed to be going on in his mind: his flexible face changed each moment, and reflected the various feelings that agitated him; several times his clinched hand drew up the bridle, as if he wished to check his horse and turn back. But each time his will was the more powerful; he constantly overcame the instinctive repugnance that seemed to govern him, and he continued his ascent, with his eyes constantly looking ahead, as if he expected to see some one whose presence he feared come round an angle of the track. But he did not see a soul the whole way.

When he reached the hacienda gate, it was open, and the drawbridge lowered; but though he was evidently expected, there was no one to bid him welcome.

"It must be so," he murmured sadly. "I return to my paternal roof, not as a master, but as a stranger, a fugitive—an accursed man, perhaps."

He crossed the drawbridge, the planks of which re-echoed his horse's footfall, and entered the first court-yard. Here, too, there was no one to greet him. He dismounted; but instead of throwing the bridle on his horse's neck, he held it in his hand and fastened it to a ring in the wall, saying, in a low, concentrated voice, "Wait for me, my poor Bravo; you, too, are regarded as an accursed one: be patient; we shall doubtless soon set out again."

The noble animal, as if understanding its master's words and sharing in his grief, turned its delicate, intelligent head toward him, and gave a soft and plaintive whine. The young man, after giving a parting glance at his steed, crossed the first yard with a firm and resolute step, and entered a second one considerably larger. At the end of this court two men were standing motionless on the first step of a magnificent marble staircase, apparently leading to the apartments of the master of the hacienda.

On seeing these two men, the young horseman drew himself up; his face assumed a gloomy and ironical expression, and he walked rapidly toward them. They still remained motionless and stiff, with their eyes fixed on him. When he was but a few paces from them, they uncovered by an automatic movement, and bowed ceremoniously.

"The Marquis is waiting for you, Senor Conde," one of them said.

"Very good," the strange visitor answered; "one of you can announce my arrival to his lordship my father, while the other will guide me to the apartment where I am expected."

The two men bowed a second time, and with heads still uncovered, preceded the young man, who followed with a firm and measured tread. On reaching the top of the steps, one of the servants hurried forward, while the second, slightly checking his speed, continued to guide the horseman. When the footsteps of the first man died out in the immense corridors, the face of the second one suddenly lost its indifferent expression, and he turned round, his eyes full of tears.

"Oh, my young master!" he said, in a voice broken by emotion, "what a misfortune! Oh, heavens! what a misfortune!"

"What?" the young man asked anxiously; "has anything happened to the marquis? Or is my lady mother ill?"

The old servant shook his head sadly. "No," he answered; "heaven be blessed! both are in good health; but why did you leave the paternal mansion, your lordship? Alas! now the misfortune is irremediable."

A cloud of dissatisfaction flitted across the young man's forehead.

"What has happened so terrible during my absence, Perote?"

"Does not your excellency know?" the servant asked in amazement.

"How should I know, my friend?" he answered, mildly. "Have you forgotten that I have been absent from the hacienda for two years?"

"That is true, excellency; forgive me, I had forgotten it. Alas! since the misfortune has burst upon us, my poor head has been so bad."

"Recover yourself, my good fellow," the young man said, kindly. "I know how much you love me. You have not forgotten," he added, with a bitter sorrow, "that your wife, poor Juana, nourished me with her milk. I know nothing; am even ignorant why my father ordered me so suddenly to come hither. The servant who handed me the letter was doubtless unable to tell anything, and, indeed, I should not have liked to question him."

"Alas! excellency," the old servant continued, "I am myself ignorant why you have been summoned to the hacienda; but Hernando he may know."

"Ah!" said the young man, with a nervous start, "my brother is here, then?"

"Did you not know it?"

"Have I not already told you that I am utterly ignorant of everything connected with this house?"

"Yes, yes, excellency. Don Hernando is here, and has been here a long time. Heaven guard me from saying anything against my master's son; but perhaps it would have been better had he remained at Guadalajara, for all has greatly changed since his arrival. Take care, sir, for Don Hernando does not love you."

"What do I care for my brother's hatred?" the young man answered, haughtily. "Am I not the elder son?"

"Yes, yes," the old servant repeated, sadly, "you are the elder son; and yet your brother commands here as master. Since his arrival, it seems as if everything belonged to him already."

The young man let his head sink on his chest, and remained for some minutes crushed; but he soon drew himself up, with flashing eye, and gently laid his hand on the old servant's shoulder.

"Perote," he said to him, affectionately, "what is the motto of my family?"

"What do you mean, excellency," the man-servant asked, startled at the singular question his master asked him.

"You do not remember it," the young man continued, with a smile, as he pointed to an escutcheon over a door. "Well; look, what do you read there?"

"What does your excellency want?"

"Read—read, I tell you."

"You know that motto better than I do—as it was given to one of your ancestors by King Don Ferdinand of Castile himself."

"Yes, Perote, I know it," he replied, in a firm voice; "and since you will not read it, I will repeat it to you. The motto is 'Everything for honor, no matter what may happen.' That motto dictates my conduct to me; and be assured, Perote, that I will not fail in what it orders me."

"Oh, your excellency, once again take care. I am only a poor servant of your family—but I saw you born, and I tremble as to what may happen in the coming interview."

"Do not be anxious, my old friend," he answered, with an expression of haughty pride, full of nobleness. "Whatever may happen, I will remember not only what I owe to the memory of my ancestors, but also what I owe to myself; and, without going beyond the limits of that obedience and respect those who gave me birth have a right to, I shall be able to defend myself against the accusations which will doubtless be brought against me."

"Heaven grant, sir, that you may succeed in dissipating the unjust suspicions so long gathering in the minds of your noble parents, and carefully kept up by the man who, during your life-time, dares to look with an eye of covetousness on your rich inheritance."

"What do I care for this inheritance?" the young man exclaimed, passionately. "I would gladly abandon it entirely to my brother, if he would cease to rob me of a more precious property, which I esteem a hundred times higher—the love of my father and my mother."

Old Perote only answered with a sigh.

"But," the young man continued, "let us not delay any longer. His lordship must be informed of my arrival; and the slight eagerness I seem to display in proceeding to him and obeying his orders will probably be interpreted to my injury by the man who has for so many years conspired my ruin."

"Yes, you are right: we have delayed too long as it is; come, follow me."

"Where are you taking me?" the young man remarked. "My father's apartments are not situated in this part of the hacienda."

"I am not leading your excellency to them," he answered, sorrowfully.

"Where to, then?" he asked, stopping in surprise.

"To the Red Room," the old servant remarked in a low voice.

"Oh!" the young man muttered; "then my condemnation is about to be pronounced."

Perote only answered by a sigh; and his young master, after a moment's hesitation, made him a sign to go on; and he silently followed him, with a slow step that had something almost solemn in it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Jan. 21, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. C. H. W., of Kanawha, Mich., says:—

"I would rather do without my tea all the year, than without the dear old POST."

D. C. D. of Boardstown, Ill., says:—

"Your premium engraving, 'THE SIBYLS,' is splendid."

C. P. E. of Brownsville, Tenn., in sending a club for a Sewing Machine, says:—

"The Paper and Magazine give entire satisfaction, and the subscribers are delighted with the Premium Engravings."

Mr. L. P., of West Farms, N. Y., says:—

"I have taken THE POST about 40 years, and have not as yet regretted it."

H. M., of Cheny, N. Y., says:—

"I think you may consider me a life subscriber, as I think more and more of your excellent paper."

W. S., of Angelica, N. Y., says:—

"The year rolls around and finds me as anxious as ever for your paper. We look for THE POST as for an old friend."

S. W., of Nelson, Michigan, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for over 20 years—and still find it a welcome visitor. My young folks could hardly get along without it."

Mr. J. B. K., of Hydetown, Penn., says:—

"THE POST is the best literary paper we know of."

J. H., of Lancaster, Ohio, says:—

"I have taken THE POST since 1822—nearly fifty years. To part with it would be like parting with an old friend."

Dr. P., of Montreal, Canada, writes:—

"The family would not willingly part with your paper at any price."

Mrs. S. S., of Nicholson, Pa., writes:—

"I am very much pleased with THE POST."

Mrs. M. M. S., of Centreville, West Virginia, says:—

"I have been taking THE POST for a number of years, and am more in favor of THE POST than ever."

Mrs. M. A. E., of Washington, D. C., says:

"The paper is endeared to us by old association, and it would be like parting with a member of the family to miss its old familiar face from the home circle. It is a good paper—none better. Very few as good."

J. R. H., of Fort Wayne, Ind., says:—

"Permit me to say that THE POST is just what a family newspaper should be. I read it when I was a boy, and take it up at 40 with great satisfaction. Pure, considerate, independent, and liberal—long may it wave!"

N. T. M., of Newburgh, Ohio, says:—

"Having taken THE POST for over 20 years, if we should fail to get it we should have to give up farming sure."

M. E. E., of Cannon City, Colorado, says:

"I feel lost without THE POST."

S. M. J., of Lagrange, Ohio, says:—

"We quitted THE POST about ten years ago, and have been taking about all the city papers, and after running through the whole family we think we cannot do better than, like the prodigal son, come home to THE POST."

Female Suffrage.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Edmunds presented and had read the remonstrance of Mrs. General Sherman and 1,000 other ladies against female suffrage. The remonstrants, including among their number the wives of Senators, Representatives and prominent men in professional life throughout the country, state their belief that their communication represents the sober convictions of a majority of the women of the country. They assert that while shrinking from public notoriety, they are too deeply and painfully impressed by the great peril which threatens their peace and happiness in the proposed changes in their civil and political rights longer to remain silent. Among other objections they urge that they oppose female suffrage, because Holy Scripture inculcates for women a sphere higher than and apart from that of public life; because as women they find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities, and are unwilling to bear additional burdens unsuited to their physical organization; because the extension of the suffrage would be averse to the interests of the working women of the country, and would introduce into the marriage relations a fruitful element of discord and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—The German batteries now fire into Paris from St. Cloud, Meudon, Chatillon, and Clamart, all on the south-west lines of the besieging army. The distance includes a maximum range of three miles and three-quarters. Shells from twenty-four pounders reach Neuilly, Porte Maillot, Avenue Imperatrice, Avenue Rio de Rome, the Champs de Mars, Les Invalides, and the Garden of the Luxembourg, the Observatory, and down Porte Bicetre.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—Despatches from Paris of January 9 and 10 confirm the destructive effect of the enemy's guns in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg. The destruction of buildings in that neighborhood is everywhere visible. The north-west suburban part of the city is in ruins. The damage to buildings in the neighborhood of St. Jacques is great, and the general impression was that neither life or property in the vicinity was safe. A battery at Clamart is doing the Prussians good service. Shells undoubtedly reach the Place de la Concorde.

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.—LONDON, Jan. 13—2.30 A. M.—The army under General De Chanzy was completely defeated, near Le Mans, by the Second Army, commanded by Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg.

The Germans have occupied Le Mans, capturing large quantities of supplies and war material. The French are being pursued.

The Cause.

When Mr. Dodge, electric physician, was lecturing through the state on the laws of health, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast-table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject, as follows:—"Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?" "I don't know," said Erin; "but I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure, and I will, sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, sir." "Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed, I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth, I do, sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed! Faith, and I always thought it was the whiskey I drank."

☞ Ex-Senator Wade and President White of Cornell University, have accepted their appointment as Commissioners to San Domingo. Bishop Simpson has declined, on account of his engagements. General Sigel has accepted the appointment of Secretary to the Commission.

☞ The drouth has compelled the Troy iron mills to stop work. Nearly 2000 men are thus thrown out of employment.

☞ The editor of the New Orleans Picayune has received the gift of a wasp's nest, which is 3½ feet around lengthways, and 2½ feet in circumference. The skill and patience displayed in its construction cause him to admit that "man, with all his boasted intellect and skill, has much to learn in architecture from the despised and puny wasp."

☞ A Western editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

☞ There are more skating parks and probably better skaters in Philadelphia than in any other city.

☞ Around Paris the rich furniture of hundreds of villas has been burned to warm the soldiers. Pianos make a very cosy fire.

☞ Nice wood shoes are manufactured by the Swedish colony in Maine. A pair costs forty cents, and two hours' time consumed in the manufacture.

☞ Texas fever is devastating Illinois herds.

☞ Three sheep for a dollar in Detroit.

☞ One of our young acquaintances, not long since, was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady, fair and entertaining, upon whom he called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of her stern and not very cordial father, who at length ventured to very plainly intimate that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir" returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour." He did not wait much longer however.

☞ "You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

☞ A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.—"When thee went a courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

Woman Fascinating Woman.

BY ANNE E. M'DOWELL.

We are continually in receipt of letters containing inquiries upon all sorts of subjects—scientific, metaphysical and pathological. It is not our desire to ignore or to treat with contempt any respectful communication asking for advice or information. We, however, are not learned in all the sciences or ologies; nor can we always command the time to inform ourself about matters upon which we are interrogated, and so we are frequently obliged to omit answers to correspondents because of our sheer inability to do so intelligently.

The following letter, which we publish, relates to one of those strange occurrences for which we can suggest no remedy nor offer any advice; but we give it, hoping that some person who is better qualified than ourself can offer a solution to the problem which puzzles the writer, and will give a reason for an infatuation which we are familiar with, and yet which we cannot comprehend.

Our correspondent writes:—

"Can you tell me anything about the unnatural and morbid affection that sometimes grows up in the hearts of young girls for women much older than themselves, and with whom they are unconnected by any tie of relationship? I have a dear young daughter who has been wholly alienated from her family through the agency of a woman who, to all others besides my infatuated child, is the very reverse of prepossessing.

"My daughter, blinded by her passion, (I can call it nothing less, as it has all the doubts, fears and jealousies which characterise the most passionate love,) declares that, as soon as she comes of age and is put in possession of an income which she has in her own right, she will leave home and take up her abode with this person, who, if the truth must be spoken, is very inferior to her in all respects—morally, mentally and socially. What do you make of a fascination such as this? Is this morbid attachment due to the influence of mesmerism, or to some other occult faculty of the mind still uncomprehended and beyond the control of human reason? Or is it merely the result of physical causes, which medicine, change of scene, travel, &c., will remove? Do give me your opinion and tell me if you have ever seen or heard of a case like this? I am told that they have become quite common recently. In my girlhood such things were unknown, and I know nothing of the proper treatment to be used in breaking up this strange enchantment. A MOTHER."

We have heard of similar cases of fascination, but we are altogether at a loss to account for them, and know nothing of the treatment usual and proper.

We were once acquainted with a woman, of high culture and strong mental characteristics, who, though of slight and delicate appearance, possessed many masculine traits of character, and who was distinguished for firmness of purpose, strength of will and great personal magnetism. This woman had the singular power of attracting and holding in thrall the hearts and minds of young girls. She commenced her career as a teacher in a small country town. Among her scholars was a young girl, not particularly bright or attractive, to whose advancement in study she soon devoted herself almost exclusively. The child returned her affection with interest, and soon became utterly regardless of parents and brothers, whose pet and idol she was. From being exceedingly cheerful and sportive in her disposition, she became grave and comparatively silent, and when she was kept away from school by any cause she grew morose and sullen. Indeed, she seemed to live only in the presence of her teacher. The parents, observing her infatuation and being jealous of the influence of this strange woman over their only daughter, withdrew her from the village school and sent her to a boarding-school at some distance away. Scarcely had they effected this removal when the teacher threw up her situation, packed up her belongings, and made off. In a few days the parents learned that their daughter, upon being left at school, had manifested symptoms of insubordination and a desire to run away; that she had refused to study or to take part in any of the conversation or amusements of the other girls, and, indeed, had declined to eat; and it had been concluded that it would be best to send her home, when a lady arrived and requested to see the refractory pupil. The principal wrote: "This visitor has worked a marvelous change in your daughter; she is now all laughter and frolic. The lady is a teacher, and she has applied for a situation in this institution; but as our rules allow of the engagement of none but those of our own faith, she has decided to remain in the village and open a day school." This she did, and thus she gained frequent opportunities of seeing and talking with her former pupil. At the end of the term the parents, finding that their scheme for weakening the influence of the teacher over their child had failed, sent for their daughter, resolving to keep her at home and engage for her another teacher. The week after her return her friend came, soliciting the position of governess. This request was refused, and a stranger was advertised for and obtained. Thus separated from the object of her affection, the girl seemed transformed into a fiend. She destroyed her books, threw inkstands and other articles at the head of the governess, and declared that she would kill her if she did not leave. In self-defence, the poor young woman was forced to give up her situation. The former teacher renewed her visits, offering not only to instruct the child without charge, but also to help with the domestic work of the house, if she could be permitted to remain. This privilege was denied her, and she resumed her position as a teacher in the town. She was allowed—as her character was unexceptionable, and no rational excuse could be given for withholding consent—to visit her old pupil occasionally. These visits continued until the family became exasperated by noticing that their daughter (now grown into womanhood) loathed the company of all young men, and was particularly uncivil and averse to receiving the visits of one gentleman of whom they highly approved, and who they thought would be a desirable husband for her. This greatly increased them, and, being the most influential and wealthy family in the town, they brought all their influence to bear against the poor teacher, and raised such a feeling against her that she lost her position in the school, and was obliged to leave and seek a subsistence elsewhere. She came to this city, promising her girl-lover that she would soon make a home and send for her to preside over it. She worked hard for a year or two, but did not succeed in carrying out her wishes. During this time she wrote daily to her beloved, endeavoring to cheer and keep her hopeful; but it was without avail. The young girl moped and refused to be comforted, and she was fast passing into a condition of hopeless melancholy when her friend wrote to her to come and share her home, such as it was. This, much to the chagrin of her parents, she resolved to do. They told her if she left their house, she left also her position as a daughter; that not one cent of their money should ever enrich so cruel and so undutiful a child. All this was without avail. She left her luxurious and beautiful abode, and they saw her leave them for a life of poverty and labor, with stern eyes though aching hearts. She came to her friend, who was earning a bare subsistance, and who was living in a small, third-story back room. Thus united, they resolved to cling to each other "until death did them part." The elder was the provider, the younger was the housekeeper. Often suffering for the comforts of existence, they yet—so they averred—were happier than they had ever been before. They had no society—cared for none; had no amusements—sought for none; but were to each other all in all. After a time the elder of the two, worn out by overwork and anxiety, fell ill. Poverty was at their elbow; starvation stared them in the face. Friends were informed of their condition, and came to their relief. The teacher, who, although poor, belonged to one of the best families in the state, was quickly surrounded by friends. Brothers and sisters clustered around to aid and serve her; but she had eyes and thought only for the young girl who had left home and friends for her, and whom she must soon leave lonely and heart broken. Suffering the most intense agony, she strove bravely to conquer all signs of pain.

When all hope of her recovery was over, she could not die with those imploring eyes beseeching her to stay, and, in a spasm of great agony, said: "Oh! darling, turn away your face, and let me go!" As the young girl sank by the side of the bed, and buried her head in the pillow, the sufferer passed away from the earth, leaving one mourner wholly desolate. This mourner returned to her home, and her parents now hoped that, as the weird influence which had alienated her from them had been removed, she would in time become reconciled, and assume natural relations with her friends again. But they were doomed to a bitter disappointment. Eight years have passed since she was separated from the friend of her heart, and her bereavement is ever present to her mind. She sits alone in her own chamber, her eyes fixed on vacancy, for hours. She never takes part willingly in any conversation; never seeks the companionship of parents or of other friends. Her sole occupation is to read and re-read the letters and manuscripts of her dead friend. She is not insane—so physicians say. Her health and memory are good. When she talks at all, her conversation is rational and intelligent. It is thought by medical men that this abnormal condition of mind will pass off, and that she will again manifest an interest in life, friends, and home; but her parents utterly despair of any such favorable change.

How to account for this strange infatuation of these women we know not. The elder of the two was one of the best and noblest of her sex. The younger seemed to us a very ordinary girl, possessed neither of marked beauty, intelligence, nor strength of character; although, to her partial admirer, her name was a synonym for all beauty, all worth, all intelligence. "It's all a muddle;" we can't understand the feeling at all.

There is another person—a public school-teacher of this city—who, in several cases, has succeeded in enlisting the affections of young women—not her pupils—to the great annoyance of parents and relatives. This woman is a grass widow of mature age, so unattractive in appearance that a gentleman who is acquainted with her tells us that a man, on coming into a street-car where she is present, will involuntarily get as far off from her as possible! Yet this woman has such power over those of her own sex whom she desires to attract, that she can render them happy or miserable by a smile or a frown! Her adorers are jealous of her and of each other, and they lavish on her the most passionate love-missives and caresses.

One of the most charming and beautiful young girls we have ever known was on the point of leaving friends and home to follow her, when she took for a time a position in a school at a distance. The only obstacle which prevented our young friend from following out her inclinations in the matter was the want of money for the journey and to defray her expenses for board away from home. Happily, when she was removed from the influence of this wondrously fascinating person, recovered her senses, and eventually married an excellent man, to whom she makes a good wife. We are told that this person, upon returing to this city and finding that her young friend had taken upon herself the responsibilities of a wife, went off into strong hysterics of rage and disappointment. But she still retains her old desire for fascinating young girls, whom she snubs or pets according to her own sweet will. The unhappiness caused by this woman is something frightful, and has given much uneasiness to parents whose children come under her control.

Although we have heard from private sources a great deal about these singular friendships among women, we have not noticed that the subject has received any attention from writers for the public, or that it has become a study for physiologists or physicians. We have told what we know about it, hoping to attract attention to it, because to us it seems to proceed from a disordered mental or physical condition; and we think that, like other diseases arising from like causes, a diagnosis should be made out, and, if possible, a specific decided upon for its cure. We sincerely hope that it may not prove what medical men call a self-limited disease for which there is no cure.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

☞ The Chinese begin another cycle of a thousand years in their calendar early in February, and those of the race in California will devote two weeks to festivity in celebration of the passage from the old cycle to the new.

☞ Some one says that to get into good society in our different large cities, you must answer those questions satisfactorily:—In Boston, "Did you graduate from Harvard?" In New York, "What's your income?" In Brooklyn, "Can you dance the dip?" In Philadelphia, "Who was your grandfather?" In New Orleans, "What is your opinion of Ben Butler?"

☞ Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

THE FRAUDULENT HELMBOLDS.

How the Genuine Helmbold Protects his Customers and the Public against Pirates.

Dr. Henry T. Helmbold, of New York city, has been out on the war path recently, and the field of his operations has been the city of Chicago. Dr. Helmbold is widely known throughout this country in connection with the celebrated "Buchu," said to be an efficacious remedy for many of the ills which flesh is heir to. The great demand for this preparation led certain unprincipled persons to get up a spurious article of the kind, and to trade upon the Doctor's reputation. It appears that six months ago Dr. Helmbold learned that counterfeiters were at work, and that the market was being flooded with spurious articles bearing his name. The manufactory of the bogus article was finally found to be located at the rear of a store in Washington street, Chicago. The counterfeiter was a former specialist, and now engaged in the manufacture of spring beds. His piratical adventure was suggested to him by the names of two Germans, named Helmbold, which he found in the city directory. They were both poor, unsophisticated men, one of them being a mere boy, ignorant even of the English language. He made a written contract with them, whereby he agreed to pay them $1,000 per annum for their labor in making spring-bed frames, and the additional sum of $10 per month for the use of their name in the making of medicinal preparations. Having thus provided himself with a good name, he proceeded to issue a preparation called "Helmbold's Buchu," with wrappers and labels closely resembling those of the genuine article. The real Helmbold soon heard of the fraud, and he at once made a descent upon the enemy. This man found himself enjoined by Judge Drummond of the United States Circuit Court from proceeding further in the fraud. An action was also commenced against him in the same court, in which damages were laid at $2,000, while proceedings were said to be in contemplation for his indictment for conspiracy. Sworn affidavits of the two Helmbolds were placed in the hands of Dr. Helmbold's attorneys, disclosing the manner in which their names had been obtained. Under these circumstances, the counterfeiter resolved upon an unconditional surrender. He delivered up the key of his laboratory, and handed over his lithograph stones, electrotypes, plates, dies, stamps, and all the material and equipments of his business, with a list of all parties who had purchased his spurious preparations, and the names of those to whom it had been consigned, or who were in any way connected with his nefarious business. He also gave a bond in $20,000 that he would abstain from similar trespasses for the future.

Dr. Helmbold's object in thus promptly checking the operations of the Chicago counterfeiter was less with a view to punish the pirate than to secure the public against any similar frauds that may be attempted. Having expended immense sums of money in advertising his extracts and remedies, and bringing home to the people a knowledge of their merits, he has determined to adopt such measures as will prevent anything but the genuine article from being foisted upon purchasers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ Von Moltke's name should be pronounced thus—Fon Molit-ka, the final e in such a word having almost the sound of a in "fat."

☞ Centre of *gravity*—A judge in court.

☞ Hanging gardens—Jail yards.

☞ Mr. Peter Cooper, of the Institute of that name, deserves female gratitude for having opened in the C. I. a school for teaching young women the art of telegraphing. Thus far every girl has found employment as soon as she has graduated, and they are rapidly taking the place of men on all the lines.

☞ Dr. Lu Po Tai, a Chinese physician of San Francisco, has amassed a larger fortune than any other doctor in the city.

☞ MISSING—A large island, one of the New Hebrides group, known by the name of Aurora Island. Any information respecting it thankfully received by the owners. The loss was first discovered by Captain Plock, of the barque Adolphe, bound from Iquique to London, who states that while passing the New Hebrides Island he discovered that Aurora Island had entirely disappeared, and no trace of it was to be seen on the face of the ocean where it was before situated. Aurora was a fertile island, about thirty-six miles long and five broad, and was last seen in latitude 15 deg. 2 min. south, and longitude 168 deg. 25 min. east.

☞ A Massachusetts paper tells of a colored woman who had been lately converted, but was so unfortunate as to fly into a passion over the misdoings of one of her neighbor's youngsters. Her mistress remarked upon the impropriety of such conduct in the case of one about to join the church, and received this frank response:—"I have 'sperienced religion, an' I'se gwine to join the church, but, Miss B——, I'll thrash dat nigger furst."

☞ The inexperienced make the best hotel servants.

☞ It is always difficult for a doctor to keep his temper when he loses his patients.

☞ The London Spectator, in an article on the philosophy of profane swearing, awards to Americans the pre-eminence in that accomplishment.

☞ The Providence (R. I.) Press insinuates that the Odspins are the only strikers who maintain their principles to the *last*.

☞ The summer and fall were unusually dry, and now winter has brought little snow; the result is that from all sides come complaints of a scarcity of water. The Springfield Republican regretfully asserts that there is but a three weeks' supply in the reservoir of that city. "One calamitous fire, such as is daily reported by telegraph, would render the city helpless, exhausting its supply of water; and a second such fire would be destruction." The Republican sees little chance of succor, believing that a thaw would do little good, and a rain-storm of sufficient value is not likely to bless us in the winter season. The scarcity of water in Jersey City also continues, and the fluid consequently commands a high price, as much as ten cents a pail being paid for it.

☞ The method of making a bowl of oyster soup that can be retailed for five cents, four of which will be profit, is as follows:—Take five Baltimore oysters, photograph them, to each photograph add five gallons of water, season to suit the taste.

☞ During the prevalence of the late annular eclipse, an enthusiastic colored individual became greatly elated. "Bress my soul," said he, "niggers' time hab come at last—he's free, and now we gwin to hab a black sun."

GOOD FOR NEW JERSEY.—Gov. Randolph says in his recent message that New Jersey has no debt; but, on the contrary, money in pocket; sends more than one-fifth of all its population to school; is more densely populated than any of the states but two, and has increased in population during the last ten years more rapidly than any east of Ohio; pays more taxes, in proportion to population, to the General Government, and has more wealth per capita, and greater value per acre of land, than any other state in the Union.

☞ Hon. John Covode, Representative in Congress from this state, died on the 11th, aged 62. His death was caused by heart disease, after an illness of a few hours.

☞ "Loss of a China packet ship!" exclaimed a literal-minded old lady yesterday, as she laid down a newspaper. "I should think so, when even iron ones are not always safe!"

☞ We have just enough religion to make us hate, not enough to make us love one another.

☞ Whatever may be said of the degeneracy of the times, we have proof that filial devotion still exists. Said a devoted son to one who was offering condolences on the loss of his father: "Yes, he was an excellent parent, and I was greatly *chagrined* when he died."

☞ It is rather melancholy to read that the South African "diamonds," after due scientific examination, turn out to be "lumps of translucent quartz." The best London lapidaries will have nothing to do with these worthless crystals. The mistake which it is averred has been made is not an uncommon one, and very large stones are always of doubtful value. Doubtful.

☞ Mrs. Whitney chronicles in verse the case of a young miss who was cloyed with all ordinary doll accomplishments. And this was her yearning:—

"And I don't care for eyes that will open and shut."

"You did." "Well, the case is all gone. I've seen 'em enough, ma'ma; *I want a doll With hair that takes off and puts on!*"

☞ The Alsatians will not accept any office under the Germans, and people have to be sought at a distance to fill the several posts.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 14,000 bbls. at prices ranging from $4,50@5 for superfine; $5@5,75 for extra; $6@7 for North-Western extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Ohio and Indiana family; $6@6,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; and $7,50@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5@5,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales of 30,000 bus at $1,55@1,57 for Indiana red; $1,40@1,50 for Pennsylvania red; $1,50@1,52 for Delaware red, $1,60@1,65 for Western amber; $1,50@1,52 for No 1 spring; and $1,68@1,7 ₱ bus for Western white. Rye—Sales of 1800 bus 90@95c ₱ bus. Corn—70,000 bus sold at 75@76c for yellow, and 70@76c for Western mixed. Oats—sales of 30,000 bus at 56@58c ₱ bus, the latter rate for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@21; clear at $22, and extra prime at $16@16,50. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $20 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15@17c; Excelsior hams at 18c; sides at 13c, and shoulders at 11c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13@13½c; sides at 9c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8@8½c for new. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 30@34c, and roll at 25@30c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 25@30c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@16½c ₱ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 15½@15½c ₱ lb for upland and 15½@16c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish oak.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 2@7½c for Apples and 9@9½c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2 ₱ bbl. Cranberries sell at $9@15 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,30; mixed do, $1@1,10; Straw, $1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $21. No. 2 at $20. Bar Iron sells at $75@75 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—2000 bushels sold at 11c ₱ lb. Timothy—Sales at $5@5,50. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2507 head. The prices realized from 5@8¾ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—14,500 head were disposed of at from 5@8c ₱ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $9 to $9,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Temperance Men Admit its Utility.

No attempt has ever been made or ever will be made, to disguise the character of PLANTATION BITTERS. It contains alcohol; and no Bitters that does not contain alcohol is worth a rush. Water will neither preserve the virtues of tonic vegetables nor render them active in the system. This is a chemical fact which no one competent to deliver a opinion on the subject will deny. Water tonics turn sour on the stomach, if they are not sour to begin with, (which is frequently the case,) and produce and promote indigestion, instead of curing it. Let it therefore be distinctly understood that PLANTATION BITTERS is an alcohol restorative. But mark this: it is strictly a medicine; not a beverage. It is to be taken in limited quantities and at stated times, like other remedies and antidotes, and therefore its use is in accordance with temperance law, as well as with that "higher law" which renders it incumbent upon every being gifted with reason to resort to the best possible means of accomplishing a salutary end.

SEA MOSS FARINA from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I am totally blind, and have been from childhood. Sometime since I concluded to purchase a sewing machine. In making my selection it was necessary for me to procure the simplest, as well as the lightest running and the easiest managed machine. After testing the various machines, I was fully convinced that the Grover & Baker had all the required qualities combined. I purchased one, and in a very short time could hem, fell, tuck, and do all kinds of sewing with the greatest ease. One of the many great advantages I find that the Grover & Baker has over all other machines is, you can sew from the finest to the coarsest fabric without change of tension. I cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a first-class machine."

MRS. RACHEL WOOD,
303 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York. jan7-3m

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PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Discolorations on the Face, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

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HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this is. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad. It is worse than that; it is *inhuman.* Suppose HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, biliousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effects of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequalled invigorant and corrective* far and wide. Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished;* and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward? jan7-1m

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Unnatural Redness

Of the NOSE or FACE imparts unsightliness to the most beautiful countenance. This annoying personal affliction is positively cured by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Send for circular. jan14-4t

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To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

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Consumption

☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.

Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-12t

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MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Riverton, N. J., on the 1st instant, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Mr. ISAAC NEWTON, of Delaware, to SARAH ANN E., daughter of Charles Hall, Esq., of Palmyra, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. P. A. Henson, Mr. GEO. C. FISHER to Miss MARY A. YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 2d instant by the Rev. Wm. J. Paxson, Mr. JOHN DOUBT to Miss EMMA MATILDA TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. ROBERT P. COCHRANE to Miss SALLY L. MYERS.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. A. Kunkleman, Mr. E. BIEDLEMAN to LYDIA A. GENSLEY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Y. Burk, Mr. JAS. S. HARMS to EMMA THERMES, daughter of the late Benjamin Mortes, Esq., all of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Withrow, Mr. CHARLES C. KNIGHT to Miss SALLIE J. SCHENCK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Capt. JOHN WYLE, in the 87th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, THOMAS WALLACE, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, REBECCA HAMILTON, aged 90 years.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM SIMPSON, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 7th instant, Miss ELIZABETH L. WATSON, in the 17th year of her age.

On the 7th instant, JACOB MAYER, *Jr.*, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARTHA ELLIOTT, aged 84 years.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES MADARY, aged 42 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN MARKLEY, in the 73d year of his age.

On the 9th instant, MARY SHEPPERD, aged 51 years.

On the 9th instant, ANNE MARTIN, in her 73d year

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of Leonie's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Woman's Wages.

Those who declaim so loudly about the inequality of woman's wages, do not always take into account such facts as Mr. S. S. Packard gives the *Revolution*, in the following paragraph:—

It is a common complaint on the part of women that they have no chance in competition with men for clerkships—as book-keepers, cashiers, etc. The only reason why this is so, if it is, is because they are not competent to do the work, and will not prepare themselves. A young man usually earns his clerkship by a three or four years' apprenticeship as a shop-boy, runner, and in general utility work—an apprenticeship which is invaluable in its training qualities, and which no girl can be expected to accomplish. There are plenty of positions, however, attainable by respectable young ladies without this severe ordeal, and requiring only the preliminary education in accountantship, and yet the comparatively small number of young ladies who will even spend a few months to acquire this necessary knowlege is astonishing. Something more than a year ago I offered to educate gratuitously for business *fifty* women, of whatever age or condition, who should come well recommended, and with the purpose to use the knowledge they might acquire in a proper way. Before making this offer I called on a number of business men, who agreed to employ in appropriate positions any well qualified woman I might send them. This offer was published extensively throughout the country; and was favorably commented upon by editors everywhere; and yet, although I kept the offer open to this time, not more than *ten* ladies have availed themselves of the offer, and *none* of these have had the courage or persistence to complete a course of instruction, or to remain until *qualified* for a position. I know of many excellent houses in this city where good female accountants would be welcomed, and is not a few would be preferred to males. But what is wanted is absolute qualification for the position and a willingness to do the duties.

☞ Mrs. Disraeli, who is seventy-nine years old, is sixteen years older than her husband, yet she would be taken for a smart seventy. In early life she was a successful milliner, and married a Mr. Lewis, who, dying, left her twenty thousand dollars a year, which, joined to Disraeli's fortune, makes a nice estate, and enables them to keep up comfortable establishments in both town and country. Their married life has been an especially happy one. The old lady is very fond of him—and the young man repays it with the most touching gallantry.

☞ It was a wise negro, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said—"Dat 'ar 'pends altogether on how dey 'joy deyselves."

SO GOES THE WORLD.

Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away,
And things which seem the life of life,
Are taken from us day by day;
And yet through all the busy streets
The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng,
The puppets play, the showman calls,
And gossips chat the whole day long,
And so the world goes on!

Our little dramas come to naught;
Our lives may fail, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness,
Our firmest castle fall to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars, unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on!

The house grows sad that once was gay;
The dear ones seek their Blessed Home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come;
And yet the sunlight checks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long,
The rosebuds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on!

And God goes on, and with our woe,
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace,
Guarding within His heart of hearts,
Our days of pain, our days of ease—
He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The dancer's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—His children all—
Through all the eternal years,
And so, thank God, the world moves on!

War Gossip.

BY AN ENGLISH ARMY SURGEON.

Let the readers follow a regiment into action for a brief space. The day may be sombre and depressing, as at Inkermann, or bright and beautiful, the air crisp and fragrant with the perfume of the wild thyme, set free by the trample of many feet—a day when every object in the kingdom of nature looks its best. Such ushered in the battle of Alma. The noise of artillery is heard in the distance; the corps, previously halted, is ordered to march on. Proceeding from an enemy possibly, from his position or a cloud of smoke, as yet invisible, a round shot appears in view, hopping leisurely along, somewhat like a cricket-ball struck with a moderate degree of force.

Advancing further, such missiles appear in mid-air. Then an object like a loose bundle of clothes lying on the ground meets the eye, which is quickly and instinctively averted. Alas! it soon meets with many such, is quickly familiarized with them; for war speedily and surely blunts our higher emotions. Onwards we go, amidst a pattering very like that of a hail-shower, interrupted by the loud booming of artillery; and then truly, if we be not infidels—even have never prayed since we left our mother's knee—we look up to the God of battles and ask Him to spare us. King David speaks of his head being covered in the day of conflict. Who that survives does not feel this to have been his case?

We are fairly in the melee let us suppose, and how short a period elapses when, the smoke clearing off somewhat, we find the ground thickly strewn with men! Some shot through the head or heart, it may be, lie wholly prostrate, and though bereft of consciousness, the chest upheaves, as if man's frail body still struggled to assert its vitality—its power over the grave and the fiat of its Creator. Some grievously wounded lie also wholly supine; others half-raised on the elbow, and again some in a sitting position—maimed, probably, in the feet.

The various characteristics of the individual come out at this time. The medical officer is recognized as he advances, and urgent entreaties for help are made by some, by no means necessarily the worst cases; while others, in deep suffering, preserve a calm demeanor, a manly fortitude and resignation worthy of a Cæsar or Sidney. The scenes—incidents—that are witnessed by him are often very touching. He had it in his power to administer, with temporal succor, a brief word of spiritual advice; and never can the writer forget the scene at Inkermann bearing on the point. At one period of the battle, lying in the trench surrounding a small earthwork battery, several times captured by and retaken from the enemy, was a wounded soldier. Comparatively slightly injured in the first instance, he had, while on the ground and helpless, been bayoneted by a Russian. This latter injury was a fatal one. He seemed to feel this to be the case, and, filled with indignation at the act, we found him loudly blaspheming and imprecating vengeance on his aggressor. Shocked and pained, we urged him—after doing what little lay in our power to afford relief, the heavy fire in the open field wholly precluding removal to the rear—to supplicate pardon from God during the brief interval of life that remained to him. He did so, and in an earnest, loud voice. We placed him in a sitting posture, protected somewhat from the fire by the low parapet; and as soon as our work there was over, went elsewhere. At the close of the day, while riding by with a party of men engaged in the sad office of searching for and supervising the removal of the wounded, we recognized the man. He was sitting in the position he had been placed in—dead.

Again, an officer, colonel in the Guards, was mortally wounded. Life was ebbing fast, and when met with and asked if anything could be done for him, he strove anxiously to convey a message, neither the words nor purport of which could be caught—difficulty in utterance being increased by a lisp—in the din around us. Piteous it was to see him strive to make, and then abandon, the effort to render himself intelligible; the only words heard being his despairing exclamation at the end, "God help me!"

Probably the first thing that occurs to the mind of a medical officer, when he finds himself suddenly surrounded by wounded, is his utter powerlessness to render assistance, however slight, to all. Suitable occupants for the few stretchers are quickly found; the supply of water and stimulants brought by his orderlies is soon exhausted, and then but little remains in his power to accomplish. He dresses some of the more severe wounds, not involving a mangled limb or shattered bone. For the latter a little brandy and water, if there be much exhaustion, together with an effort to ease the position of the sufferer, place support to some part of his body, the head or elsewhere, is probably all that can be done until means of transport arrive. To the others, lint dipped in water, the most suitable as well as available and expeditious dressing, is applied with a bandage over.

A wide-spread and erroneous impression prevails on the subject of excessive hemorrhage on the battle-field. It is believed to be a frequent occurrence, and that many lives are lost in consequence before surgical aid is procured. Such is by no means the case. Military surgeons of experience well know how frequently and marvellously the great arteries escape injury, the tough material of which their coats are formed rendering them less permeable by missiles than the soft tissues which surround them. There are times when a vessel is directly severed, and of course death is then almost instantaneous. But even when an arm or leg is shot off—the arteries torn across—Nature generally steps in, and bleeding is speedily and spontaneously arrested. This is brought about by the vessels being divided in a jagged manner, not evenly, as by an amputation knife; consequently the rough edges are better adapted to help the formation of coagulated blood, which the action of the air speedily causes in a wound. In fact, the bullet or round shot more or less completely effects a result which surgical science has of late discovered and utilized, for the suppression of hemorrhage during operations in civil practice. The blow causes a degree of torsion—twisting of the coats of the artery—which, combined with a natural tendency in its open mouth to contract under the influence of cold air, and the mechanical obstruction produced by coagulated blood firmly adherent to the surface of the entire wound, generally prevents fatal hemorrhage. Caution is necessary in some cases lest too much brandy or ammonia be given at this time; otherwise, with increased vital powers, the "pumping" action of the heart rendered more vigorous, serious bleeding might arise, perhaps while the wounded man has no help near to him.

There is, of course, more risk of hemorrhage from a wound inflicted by a cutting weapon, the action of which is that of a razor.

A word or two now as to another popular fallacy. Our friends the correspondents, speak, during war, of Surgeon Blank having performed operations in the open field under a heavy fire. The thing is simply impracticable. The site for a temporary field hospital may possibly not be wholly out of the range of artillery fire—be visited by a chance unwelcome guest now and then; but unless the medical officer be utterly and unwarrantably reckless as to the preservation of his own life, and, far more, be guilty of an act of culpable folly with reference both to the wounded man and to his orderlies, he would not attempt, in such a position, to do more than resort to one or other of the temporary measures already spoken of. We have seen such an attempt made, and the result was the sacrifice of one of the orderlies, a round shot having fallen into the group. It is certainly a matter of very great consequence that operations of importance should be done as speedily as possible after the injury has been received; but then a due degree of circumspectness must be observed. This would be wholly unattainable under the circumstances referred to. So impressed was the writer with the advantage derivable from immediate operations that at the period of the siege of Sebastopol, when casualties occurred during the night—almost without the intermission of one—he invariably operated at once, without waiting for the morning. The results were very satisfactory. Well does he remember being awoke during the small hours by the creaking of cacolets, at first in the distance, then nearer, and at length the footfall of the mule past his tent, speedily followed by "A man wounded in the trenches, sir!"

Conservation—i. e., such operative proceedings as aim at the preservation of an injured limb in lieu of amputation—is the great surgical doctrine of the day. As yet, during the present war, the results have not been as satisfactory as could be wished or were anticipated.

Chloroform may well be viewed, and with all reverence, as the greatest physical blessing to mankind, vouchsafed by the Creator. It not only, as is generally believed, removes all suffering during the operation, but it stimulates the system, gives what may be termed "fillip" to the constitution, and speeds the patient—possibly a young lad of little stamina, who would otherwise have speedily succumbed—on the high road to recovery.

After a great battle the wounded are usually removed to large permanent hospitals, or, if the sea be near, to vessels, with a like ulterior object. Such necessity is unfortunate, for experience shows that in marquee, (the field hospital proper,) where there is free access of air, the percentage of recoveries is far higher than elsewhere.

In the foregoing remarks comment has been made on the inadequacy of means for rendering assistance on the field of battle. Such must ever be the case—a lamentable yet invariable contingency of war. The number of orderlies—attendants—requisite would be half as many as the combatants engaged, and the medical staff quadrupled would yet be inadequate.

Useful Notes.

The Examiner and Chronicle quotes an interesting correspondence:

In the early days of Methodism in England there was a preacher, Samuel Bradburn, of whom Wesley had a high opinion, which he once expressed in a very happy way. Bradburn being once in a state of impecuniosity—a state not peculiar to Methodist ministers, Wesley sent him five pound notes with a letter:

"Dear Sammy:—Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Yours affectionately, John Wesley."

The reply was equally happy:

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before. I am, Rev. and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant, "S. Bradburn."

Razors.—The Journal of Chemistry says that a razor strop does not sharpen the razor edge so much by wearing away the hard steel as by adjusting the edge so that it can act directly upon the beard. The fine edge of a razor, when examined by a microscope of high power, resembles a saw, the teeth of which are jagged and irregular. The strop adjusts these thin bits of steel, so that they stand in line, and they then can saw off the beard with greater facility. And this explains why with a drawing stroke the razor cuts so much better than if pulled in a direct stroke.

Memory.

Saint Augustine in olden times, Stewart Mill, the Duke of Argyll, and thousands of other thinkers, both ancient and modern, have puzzled themselves over the question, "What is memory?" without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Memory is a phenomenon of human nature, of brute nature, and, at least, of all creatures possessing brain or nerve force. All such are endowed with what is called mind, which is probably the effect of will or purpose acting upon the brain or nerve force of the being. If a creature wills to move, its limbs are obedient to some power or impulse. If a man wills to solve a problem his brain is obedient to a power, which may be inscrutable; but that it rules the organization and is therefore something above or extra to it, appears evident. The brain, from microscopic examination, is found to be a mass of fibre, not a mass of pulp, as was formerly believed. This mass is found to consist entirely of fibres infinite in number, or so numerous as to be beyond all estimate or calculation. It is found also that these fibres or strings, though thousands may lie together within the size of a hair, are all distinct, like wires in an electric cable or coil; not only so, they are tied together by their ends into bundles or groups, which are again united to each other from smaller to larger groups, until the whole brain is united by ligaments, so that an impulse, a vibration in one cord or fibre, may be confined to it, to its group, or may be transmitted to other groups.

It appears that all nature, with its infinite variety of effects, makes us conscious by vibratory action upon our senses, that is our nerves, by setting up in them vibration respondent to itself. Take, for instance, light, or heat, or sound. Light is transmitted by vibration to the optic nerve, heat to the skin, and sound to the ear. Now we may fairly consider that there is no deviation from this rule as regards the brain. That when the will acts upon one set of fibres, motion of a finger is the result; when upon another, motion of an arm; upon another, motion of a leg, and so on; that when will acts upon another fibre or group of fibres thought is the result. When we set ourselves to calculate, to solve a problem, some portion of the brain is acted upon—fibre after fibre, group after group, thought simple, compound, complex being the result, which action we call intellect, or mind.

To apply this to memory. When an idea has been produced either by the will or by the action of external forces, through the senses, vibration, or an impulse of some sort has taken place. Well, the time, the circumstances, pass away, and the vibrating cord sinks to rest. But may not these vibrations be reproduced? Cannot the will cause the same cords to vibrate in the same manner as at first, and thus reproduce the original idea?

These, it may be, are the physiological phenomena of memory. An illustration may perhaps make this more conclusive. If I sweep my hand over a harp and thus produce a melody and then cease to act upon the strings they cease to vibrate and sink to rest; but, though years may have elapsed, if I will I can again produce the same vibrations, and therefore the same melody. There is a peculiarity about remembering which deserves notice. "I will try to remember," is a common expression. When we wish, that is will to remember the past, it is sometimes necessary to use considerable concentration of will before the idea can be revived or reproduced; sometimes, notwithstanding the most intense effort, the idea cannot be recovered at the time; yet hours afterwards, when the effort has ceased, the idea suddenly reappears. May not this arise from the fact that the fibres or strings of the brain having been so long engaged in other work require time to sink to rest, like the harp-strings, before the old air can be replayed?

These ideas may possibly produce in minds having a tendency to abstract thought a new train of reasoning on an interesting subject.

Home Manners.

Good home manners are the foundation and the superstructure of good manners everywhere else. The idea that it is of little moment how we behave at home, provided we are courteous and polite in company, is a radically wrong one. Persons often allow themselves to be ill-bred at home, thinking that they can put on good manners when they choose, and appear as well abroad as others; but, unconsciously, they are continually betraying themselves. Few things are so subservient on habit as these ever-occurring little proprieties, graces, and amenities of social life which go to make up the well-bred man or woman. The expression, tone, carriage, manner, and language of years cannot be changed in a day for some special occasion. The requisites of good manners are so multitudinous, it is impossible to give them all; and each, like the snow-flakes which form the avalanche, though important, is so minute in itself that it is difficult to select any as "most essential." Good manners at home and elsewhere are but the outward manifestation of love and that spirit "which suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things."

The well-bred man and woman express by their manner that they regard the judgment, feelings, tastes, wishes, conveniences and pleasures of others as highly as their own. They strive to avoid all habits which offend the tastes, all expressions which shock the sensibilities or wound the feelings of those about them, and all needless violations of the customs and conventionalities of society.

The following particulars will fall under and illustrate the above general principles:

1st. Avoid all expressions which tend to irritate, embarrass, mortify, or pain any member of the family. 2d. Never allude to any fault or failing, unless with the purpose to benefit, and then in private. 3d. Avoid sarcasm, bitter words, "sore" subjects, and reference to any personal deformity. 4th. Do not ridicule, nor hold the opinion of others in contempt. 5th. Give attention when addressed, and do not interrupt nor speak when another is talking. 6th. Never contradict. 7th. Never scold. 8th. Keep your temper. 9th. Never speak in loud or querulous tones, nor order in arbitrary or arrogant manner, child or servant. 10th. Use no slang phrases, nor rude, disrespectful, profane, or inaccurate language. 11th. Never omit the "please" and "thank you," "good-night" and "good-morning," nor fail to gratefully acknowledge by some word or look every act of kindness and attention. These little words oil the harsh machinery of life wonderfully. 12th. Do not enter even your nearest relation's private room without knocking. 13th. Never slam the doors, sit in the windows, hum, whistle, or sing in the halls or passage; nor scream to persons out of windows and up stairways. 14th. Teach children to offer precedence to each other and to their superiors, to avoid awkward positions and movements, and not to indulge in disagreeable or filthy personal habits, such as yawning, scratching the head, picking the nose, hawking, spitting on the floor, cleaning the nails in company, etc., etc. 15th. Hold the person and personal possessions of another sacred. He who observes this rule will not tickle, nor pinch, nor punch, nor poke his friend or brother; will not, unless he has special permission, open his letters, rummage his drawers, mark his books, finger his clothes, nor use his private property.

HIGHER AND NEARER.

A little higher yet—until we're lifted
Above the obscuring clouds that dim our sight;
Until our souls have through the darkness drifted
Into God's marvellous light.

A little nearer—till earth's joys and sorrow
Far, far beneath us in the shadows lie,
And we have glimpses of the bright to-morrow
That waits us in the sky.

A little higher yet—a little nearer,
Until at last a glorious crown is won,
Whilst, as we soar, sounds sweeter still, and clearer,
"Servant of God, well done!"

Stop and Think.

Girls stop and think! What about? About whatever you are doing. If you are at work in the kitchen, and need some article from the pantry or cupboard, stop and think of all the articles you may need from there in the next few minutes, and make one journey do for half a dozen. And perhaps you may think of several things that can be returned to their places at the same time, thus making a double saving of time and muscle.

If you are cooking, stop and think of everything you will need before you begin that batch of bread or pies, instead of being obliged to take your hands out of the dough two or three times to run down to the cellar after butter or lard, or into the pantry for sugar or nutmeg. If you have a quantity of sewing, or other work to do, stop and think what will be needed first, and what you could do without in case of hindrance, instead of doing perhaps the least necessary thing first, and finding yourself at the last moment in a perfect hurly-burly to finish what you must have. And so with every thing you do, stop and think whether you are doing it in the most convenient and profitable manner or not.

We often hear people speak of women who "turn off work" very fast. I once asked a woman who bore such a reputation how she did it. "By thinking what I am about; by killing two birds with one stone, and making one step do the work of half a dozen," was her reply. Of course it would not be profitable to think longer about anything than it would take for you to do it, unless it was for the sake of forming the habit of thoughtfulness. But do not try to think of one thing while you are doing another, unless the work in hand be very monotonous indeed.

When I was a school-girl, I thought it a great saving of time to do two things at once, and my grammar shows the marked effects of being held in my lap while I churned, or propped up behind the table while I washed dishes. But I learned that I could neither study nor work as fast, and that it paid to do one thing at a time. So keep your thoughts on the work you are doing. Rosetta B. Hastings.

The King of Prussia.

Good old King William, who probably thinks he is carrying on this war, lives very temperately, rises early, works steadily, dines moderately, and, for a king, deports himself like a sensible man. At dinner only one sort of wine is brought upon the table; Champagne is never seen there except on the occasion of the birthday of a member of the royal family or a princely personage. Only once during the whole campaign was Champagne brought upon the royal table, and that was upon the evening of the 1st of September, after the battle of Sedan. After about half an hour's conversation after dinner the King withdraws to his own room, opens and reads the letters and dispatches that have arrived, and receives persons demanding favors or grace. It is a note-worthy fact that the King never sleeps in the afternoon. From dinner till tea-time the old monarch employs his time in finishing up the odd work of the day, the reading of the Spener Zeitung, or important newspaper articles, as well as correspondence with his family, and the dispatch of telegrams. Tea-time comes at nine, when, in the society of invited persons, a pleasant conversation flows freely. After this meal is finished illustrated books are looked through, important newspaper information read aloud, and events and personages of the day are freely discussed. The King does not smoke, as a rule, but in large companies of gentlemen does so. About eleven he withdraws to his room, and works up to about one. All the guests invited to dinner and tea are chosen by the King himself. On days of battle the King rides out early, and occupies a place previously agreed upon, a number of horses being held in readiness for him.

The Alligator.

We take the following from an article on "Florida" in Lippincott's Magazine:—

"The female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttonous habit of eating all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do. So, whenever she catches him in that neighborhood, she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it; at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters, and deserves snubbing. I am told that it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off, the very image of a hen-pecked husband, after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by any means a model husband; and, although he takes his thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching till the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

ONLY THE BABY.

They have only lost the baby,
The little, little one,
Who came when the April blossoms
Were smiling to the sun!
As frail and sweet as a flower
The wind might blow away,
It grew in the golden sunshine
While April wore to May.

Then Summer brought her roses,
Her butterflies and bees,
And her birds to sing for the baby,
Up in the rocking trees.
"No bud in all the garden,
No birdling in the nest,
Is half so sweet," cried the mother,
As the baby on my breast."

Such hopes as hovered o'er it,
Such happy dreams as wove
Their silver-threaded fancies
Through the mother's brooding love!
Though all were dear and dearest,
Yet were their fond hearts set
On the tiny, helpless darling,
The precious household pet.

Now by the snowy ribbon
That flutters from the door,
By windows closed and curtained,
Lest the merry sun in pour,
I know that 'mid the shadows
Of a dim and darkened room
They are weeping o'er the broken bud
That never more may bloom.

Wee hands like crumpled rose-leaves,
Restless and round and fair,
Are folded fast on the little breast,
As still as a saint's at prayer!
And through her grief the mother
Shivers with sudden pain,
That the angels first shall see them
Restless and round again.

Ah me! a little baby
Leaves an aching blank of space,
When God stoops down and takes it
From an earthly dwelling-place!
Speak by-and-by of heaven:
For the shadowed home to-day,
A flower, a kiss, a silent tear,
And softly come away!

A Valuable Wood.

There is a branch of the Trinity River, in Texas, called the Bois d'Arc, the bottom-lands of which for about a mile on each side and for fifty miles in length are covered with a forest of peculiar trees known as "bois d'arc," (bow-wood). From the description of the wood of this tree given in a newspaper of that country, the Kaufman Star, it seems probable that it would be an excellent substitute for teak in the Mansell car wheel, and probably valuable elsewhere in car building. This description is as follows: "We will venture the assertion that no living man ever saw the symptom of decay in this remarkable timber. The running gear of a wagon that has been in constant use over twenty years, is before us as we write this article, and yet the wood works are, to all appearance, as sound as when turned out of the shop. There is an oil in the wood which fills up the pores and prevents either air or water from affecting it. No one can tell how long it will last even when exposed to the weather. A reward might be offered in vain for a decaying particle of this timber. It is not affected by the rays of the sun, and hence it never shrinks. A carriage wheel made of bois d'arc will run until the tire is worn out without having to set it. But the greatest evidence of the superior quality of this wood for wagons and carriages, may be estimated from the fact that a rough home-made bois d'arc wagon is worth about double the best Northern-made wagons."

The "Bow-wood tree," alluded to above, says the "American Engineer," is the one popularly known as the *Osage Orange;* and it received its French name *Bois d'arc* from the fact that the Indians on our western plains made bows of it. A description and illustration of the tree and its flowers and fruit, may be found in Michaux and Nuttall's "American Sylva."

Oyster Farms.

How would you like to live where you could go out and pick oysters for dinner, as you do apples? You need not smile; you could easily do it if you lived near an oyster farm. And it is about these curious farms that I want to tell you.

You must know that we eat so many oysters, that they grew scarce in many places, and people began to fear that we should exhaust the supply. That would be a sad calamity to those who are very fond of oysters; so some enterprising men set themselves to work to cultivate oysters as we do potatoes—only in a different way. When the little oyster is launched into life, to take care of himself, his first care is to secure a home. His wants are very simple, requiring merely a holding on place—for holding on is the speciality of an oyster. If he cannot at once secure a safe home, he is almost sure to be devoured by fishes, for fishes like oysters as well as men.

As soon as this fact about the young oyster was discovered by the wise men, they conceived the idea of providing homes for the little creatures, as men provides homes for poor children—only, as oysters don't care for cradles, and milk, their nurseries were made in this way:

Strong stakes were driven into the mud—under water, of course—and between them were woven branches of trees. That was all. Having the nurseries ready, the men now brought several boat-loads of old oysters and placed them on the ground around the stakes, to start the farm. As the young oysters are hatched, they naturally attach themselves to the branches, and proceed at once to grow. Each oyster is said to lay two millions of eggs in a season.

There are other ways of farming oysters. One way, in use in Italy where a lake is devoted to the purpose, is to build a small hill of stones, and make a sort of fence around it, with stakes driven into the ground. The old oysters live on the hill, and the young ones on the stakes. When the farmer wants oysters, he has only to pull up a stake, and pick them off. In France there is still a different way. The farms are enclosed in stone walls, and large stones are scattered among the oysters, who live on the ground. Of course the baby oysters live on the stones. There are thousands of these farms on the shores of France. They have even gone so far as to improve the flavor of the common oyster by artificial feeding.—*Olive Thorne, in Interior.*

A HERD OF HORSES ATTACKED BY GAD-FLIES.

The Gad or Bot-fly frequents the pastures during the months of July and August, and deposits its eggs chiefly on the shoulders and knees of horses. In order to do this, the female suspends herself in the air for some seconds over the place she has chosen, falls upon it, and with her abdomen bent, sticks her eggs to the horse's hairs by means of a glutinous liquid with which they are provided, and which soon dries. This is repeated at very short intervals. It often happens that from four to five hundred eggs are thus deposited upon the same horse. Guided by a marvellous instinct, the female *Œstrus* generally places her eggs on those parts of the horse's body which can be most easily touched with the tongue, that is, at the inner part of the knees, on the shoulders, and rarely on the outer part of the mane.

Horses are much afraid of the attacks of these insects. Their skin contracts where the *Œstrus* deposits its eggs, and the effects of the bite soon become serious.

When licking itself, the horse carries the eggs or rather larvæ into its mouth, and afterwards swallows them with his food, by which means they enter the stomach. It is a remarkable fact that it is sometimes other insects, as the *Tabini* for instance, that by their repeated stinging cause the horse to lick himself, and to thus receive his most cruel enemy. In the perilous journey they have to perform from the skin of the horse to his stomach, many of the larvæ, as may be supposed, are destroyed, ground by the teeth of the animal or crushed by the alimentary substances. There is hardly one in fifty that arrives safely in the stomach of the horse, and yet if one were to open a horse attacked by *Œstri*, the stomach would be nearly always found to be literally full of these larvæ.

TREASURE TROVE.

"Very heavy rains in the up-country," the newspapers had been saying for some days; and, for once, the newspapers were correct in their intelligence. There had been exceedingly heavy rains in the up-country—rains that made all the proprietors of bottom-land corn quake to their very souls—but even the heaviest of rains do not last forever; and one afternoon, the up-country was delighted to see that bow of promise span the sky, which spanned it once after a much longer deluge; and was relieved to feel that, for the present at least, its anxiety was at an end. The month was August, and the rainbow was followed by such weather as only August sometimes gives—bright as June and mellow as September. Two days of this weather reduced the little River Y——, which, during "the freshet," had looked grand, almost Mississippian, in its turbid roll, to very much its usual size and somewhat sluggish flow. A familiar eye could indeed perceive that it was still above the usual high water mark—in common parlance, still "swimming;" but it did not look so to a horseman who rode leisurely down to its brink, at a place called Alston's Ford, one afternoon towards sunset. After pausing a moment to look scrutinizingly at the "water marks" on the trees that lined the banks at each side of the road, he was about to ride in, when he was startled by a sudden address from the other side of the stream.

"Take care, sir! Don't try the ford. It is dangerous!" said a voice strong as a man's, yet clear as a woman's; and the stranger, looking across the narrow water, saw a picture that reminded him of Una and her lion. A girl was standing on the river bank, near a live-oak, with one hand resting on the head of a large Newfoundland dog beside her, and the red sunshine casting a perfect aureole of glory about her head. She did not reach more than the medium height of her sex, and was very slenderly fashioned, which made more effective the contrast with the magnificent animal whose size and beauty might have rendered him a fit subject for the pencil of Landseer. As she stood upright, her hand was laid without effort on his head, and her fingers twined themselves in and out about his silken curls, there was something leonine about his attitude, as with ears back, and tail drooped, he stood, looking first up to her face, and then out over the river. The person whom she had warned—a young man with a very willful expression of face—started, and stared at her a little curiously as she advanced to the edge of the water and repeated her caution in a highly elevated key.

"There has been a flood, and the river is not yet low enough to be safely forded."

The gentleman—such he seemed—lifted his hat as he shouted in return—

"It does not look high."

"He can't know anything about it, if he thinks so," said she to the dog; then answered the stranger—

"It is swimming."

"Oh, if that is all, I can swim my horse."

"You had better not try. The current is stronger than it looks. You can never do it."

He disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and folded them up over the horse's neck, in a manner which astonished the young lady, who had never before seen the feat of swimming a river, performed by a horseman who did not choose to get at all wet. It was nothing unusual, probably, with the rider, for his horse manifested no surprise or uneasiness at the proceeding; but stood quietly enough while he arranged himself comfortably. He seemed to be in a little difficulty about the disposition of some article which he held in his hand, and made one or two attempts to stow it away safely before he succeeded in doing so. What this article was the girl, watching his motions with great interest, could not distinguish; but she finally saw him button his coat half way up from the waist, and deposit whatever it was in the impromptu pocket thus formed. Then he shortened his rein, spoke to the horse, and the latter, with a snort, took the water gallantly.

A few feet from the bank brought him beyond his depth; and the girl involuntarily clasped her hands as she saw the animal's body sink suddenly from view—his head and the rider perched on his back alone remaining visible. But she was reassured on perceiving that these two objects advanced steadily toward her. The horse swam beautifully. With his head turned a little up stream, he scarcely yielded at all to the current, but kept a direct course across; while the man sat as composedly as possible in his apparently ticklish position—dividing his attention between the business of directing the motions of his horse somewhat, and gazing at the young lady and dog who were so eagerly watching him. Occupied thus, he forgot to bestow due notice upon the continued safety of the article which he had put in his bosom. It was a sketch-book; and as it had been placed with the closed end downward, it slipped lower and lower, and more and more toward the side, all unperceived by its owner, until he was suddenly and very disagreeably surprised by feeling it slide from between his coat and waistcoat, and splash into the water. It opened as it fell, resting flat upon the surface immediately by his side; and, forgetting for the moment, his unanchored position upon the horse's back, he bent hastily to seize it, lost his balance, and went head foremost into the river.

As he was a tolerable swimmer, and was now but a few yards distant from the bank of the stream, the mishap would probably have been confined to a thorough wetting and the loss of his sketch-book, (which eluded his hand and floated off slowly down stream), had it not been that he still, in falling, retained his hold of the bridle-rein, and took the horse's head under water along with him. Frightened and half strangling, the animal struggled wildly, striking out with his feet in all directions.

One blow disabled the left shoulder of the rider, paralyzing the muscles of the arm, so that the hand relaxed its grasp upon the rein. The horse pulled himself free; and getting his head above the surface, made instantly for land, even while convulsively snorting and snoozing the water from his nostrils; and as he did so, another blow of one of his hind feet came with sufficient force against the still submerged head of his rider to produce temporary insensibility. The two anxious spectators of the scene—for the dog seemed as keenly interested as his mistress—saw the horse come up and again move shoreward. Of the man there was no sign for a moment; but then there was a rustling of the water, not twenty feet from where they stood, and part of a man's arm appeared for an instant, again disappearing. Waiting for no signal from his mistress, the dog with a single bound was in the water, and diving fearlessly, seized some part of the drowning man's clothing. He was a very powerful animal, but even in still water the weight of a man's body is great. Here there was a current, though fortunately, not a strong one. The dog breasted it with unflinching resolution, and dragged his burden laboredly along. But his mistress, watching him with all her heart in her eyes, saw that he could not sustain the weight much longer. She knew that even if she commanded him to drop it, he would not do so; that the instinct for preserving life was stronger in that faithful breast than the instinct of obedience—just now at least. And could she give such a command? The man must certainly drown if not rescued from his present position. Her resolution was taken. "Keep up, dear fellow! I am coming!" she cried to the dog; and rushed impulsively to meet him. She had not far to go; had, in fact, scarcely lost bottom, before, groping in the turbid waters, she caught the man's figure, and zealously assisted by the dog, half swimming and half wading, she succeeded in drawing the leaden weight to the bank. It required then the utmost exertion of her own strength and that of her canine assistant united, to land their prize. Once or twice the body almost slipped from the failing hold of their overstrained muscles.

"God help us!" exclaimed the girl, in a half despairing tone. "Oh, Royal, we *must* save him now. Pull, fellow, pull!"

And Royal pulled with all his might; while she herself, kneeling waist deep in the water, just at the edge of the bank, pushed the senseless body before her. "If we can only get his head out of the water!" she cried again. And finally they succeeded in accomplishing this much. After an effort of strength, which would in any less desperate exigence have been utterly impossible to her, she found herself sitting exhausted on the ground beside the limp and insensible form of the stranger, which lay half in and half out of the water—for while his head and shoulders rested on terra firma, the shallow red current rippled slowly over his feet.

As soon as the girl could move at all, she put her finger to the man's wrist, to see if his pulse yet beat, but could not perceive that it did. Then she laid her hand on his heart, and fancied that she felt a faint throbbing. But, as she remembered, her hands were at once so chill and numb, that their sense of touch was not perhaps to be relied on. "I don't think he can be dead! We have saved him, Royal!" and she turned to the dog, who, panting and dripping, crouched beside her. "Go to the house and bring somebody," she said. "Make haste."

The dog needed no second bidding, but was off at once, while his mistress remained with the stranger whom chance had thrown thus unexpectedly upon her hands. She knelt by him quite motionless, save that every now and then she felt his pulse, or chafed one of the relaxed hands; and although the attitude was a very tiring one, she did not seem restless or impatient, and only smiled once when she looked up and saw that the horse, which had succeeded in gaining the bank, was standing there gazing about him, with an almost human expression of bewilderment and uncertainty. Some time elapsed before she turned her head with an exclamation of relief. "They are coming," she said, half aloud, and bent down to listen if the heart was yet beating. When she raised her face, footsteps on the road were very audible, and the next moment Royal bounded forward, followed by two servants.

"De Lord!" said the first one, falling back a step in surprise at the sight before him. "If it aint Miss Mildred and a dead man!"

Miss Mildred smiled a little as she rose to her feet.

"I don't believe he is dead, Jack," she said. "Come and see what you think. Peyton, is that you? Did Royal tell you?"

"Yes, 'm," answered the other, who was staring open-mouthed, first at "the dead man," and then at the dripping raiment of his young mistress. "Yes, 'm. Me and Uncle Jack was workin' in the garden, and he jumped de fence, and give us no peace tell we come."

"For massy's sake, Miss Mildred," broke in Jack; "surely, ma'am, you aint been in de river?"

"A little way," said she, shaking herself and laughing. "It is very cold, I can tell you, Jack; and that poor fellow had a terrible bath. Bring him along between you, and I will go and have things prepared."

She laid her hand on Royal's head, and the two walked away together—more like Una and her lion than ever, as they vanished from sight on the homeward way.

For a man whose last sensation had been that of being precipitated with overwhelming force into the midst of a surging stream, it was quite a pleasant contrast to wake to consciousness in a large airy chamber, where the mid-day light was toned to softness by green Venetian blinds, where the furniture was of handsome old-fashioned mahogany, where a dozen trifles of engravings, vases, books, etcetera, proved a not common degree of refinement, and where a kind-faced old lady in a white cap sat knitting near one of the windows, while a little darkey was perched by the bed with a large feather fan, which he waved to and fro over the startled eyes that opened upon him.

The stranger glanced round, and took in all the picture, feeling very much the while as if he had undergone one of the magical transformations of the Arabian Nights. Then he looked again at the little darkey, who stopped fanning, and also looked at him, and propounded only one question:

"How did I get out of the river?"

The little fellow opened his mouth, but instead of answering, he only cried:

"Missis!"

"Yes," said the old lady, and she laid down her knitting, and stepped forward.

When she came to the foot of the bed, she saw that her patient had recovered at least a partial knowledge of things and persons, so she smiled quite benignly.

"Do you want anything, sir?" she asked. "I am glad to see that you are better."

"I want to know how I got out of the river," said the gentleman, indulging himself in a prolonged stare at her.

She smiled again.

"You were brought out by a Newfoundland dog and a young lady," she answered. "I think you had better be content with that much information at present. How do you feel?"

"Better—except that my shoulder hurts."

"The doctor says it is badly bruised. But I think you were fortunate to get off so well."

"Yes; I am sure of it," said the stranger, slowly; for he recalled very vividly the position in which he had left himself last. "A young lady warned me not to tempt the ford," he went on. "Was she the young lady who rescued me?"

"She was the one."

"But my horse—"

"Is safe. He swam out and was caught by a servant."

"And where am I? Pardon me, but you seem so kind, that I should like to know."

"You are in the house of Miss Alston, and my name is Mrs. Ryde—that is all. I think you had better be quiet now. The doctor will be here soon, and you can ask him anything else you want to know."

"But I would like—"

Mrs. Ryde laid her finger on her lips.

"Nothing more, she said; and to remove temptation out of his way, she took herself from the foot of the bed, and went off again to the window.

The next day Royal was brought in to see his rescued prize, and quite disgraced himself by growling at the hand which patted him.

"Royal, Royal, what do you mean, sir?" cried Mrs. Ryde, while the stranger laughed and threw himself back on his pillows.

"Royal is not magnanimous," he said; "but if I were once up—dogs don't fancy a man in bed, you know—I could soon make him like me. It is to be wondered whether Miss Alston will regard me with the same disapprobation."

It was not very long before this doubt was solved. In a few days Mr. Gerald Martin—for such he announced his name to be—was well enough to make a descent to the drawing-room, and meet the mistress of the house, the hospitality of which he had been enjoying. It was just before dinner, and Mrs. Ryde, (who was Miss Alston's companion and chaperone,) brought him in with quite a little glow of triumph.

"Here is my patient, Mildred," she said; and Mildred, who was standing by the centre table, came forward with extended hand, and the quiet grace of a born gentlewoman.

"I am glad to see you down at last, Mr. Martin," she said. "I hope you are well again."

"Partially so, at least," answered Mr. Martin, bending over the hand with a very deferential air. "Thanks to your kind hospitality, I have recovered sufficiently to give myself the pleasure I have been eagerly desiring—that of thanking you for your intrepid efforts in my behalf."

"Since you have recovered, I am very willing to be thanked," said she, smiling; "but in truth, my dear Royal alone deserves your acknowledgments. He *was* intrepid. He went for you into the stream—but I only ventured a little way from the bank."

"Do you think I have forgotten what the current was two feet from the bank?" he asked, with a shudder. "And a woman!—Miss Alston, you must let me be grateful to the last day of my life, that you had the courage of a man."

She laughed slightly.

"I think that in emergencies, most women have the same," she replied. "Pray sit down—you seem quite weak."

He sank down readily enough into the chair she drew forward; and then, as he leaned back, he looked intently at the girl who was still standing before him—the girl about whose appearance and manner there was such a strange and entire absence of that self-consciousness which mars the beauty of so many of her sex, as it would mar the beauty of a very Helen.

She was not beautiful—she was not even pretty—judged by the standard of red and white; but there was a subdued and exquisite "toning" about her that can hardly be described by words. It pervaded every line of her slender, graceful figure, every feature of her pale, earnest face, every glance of her large, thoughtful eyes. It made the absence of coloring tints and symmetrical outlines a mere thing of naught to any glance that was keen enough to pierce below the surface, and mark the fineness of spiritual beauty which shone through this outer garment, like "the lamp of naptha in the alabaster vase," making lovely that which nature had made plain. Looking at her, it would have been hard not to think of

"the angel face
That makes a sunshine in a shady place;"

and harder yet not to feel that fair and fragile as this woman looked—she was strong with more than ordinary strength, to conquer and to endure; strong with the rare strength which enables its possessor to live, and, if need be, die alone; and strong, above all, with the strength to prove victor over the only enemy worth counting—herself.

On her side, she, too, examined rather curiously, though less directly, the stranger thus cast by chance into her life. He was decidedly handsome, and almost boyish in appearance; though, on looking closely at the face, she saw that more years had passed over it than were at first apparent. He bore the stamp of a gentleman, plainly—no one of good blood themselves can ever mistake that—and had the air of one whose life has been spent among social rather than pastoral surroundings. She did not analyze then, and certainly she never analyzed afterwards, in what the peculiar attraction of the face consisted; but a peculiar attraction it did possess, independently of its well-cut features, and soft, fair hair. It was a wonderfully changeable face—perhaps that was the secret—a face that varied from one extreme of expression to the other, twenty times in a minute; that had a sort of curtain which was continually rising and falling over it, and a multitude of lines about the brow, that came and went like magic. A face altogether that was not ordinary by any means, but which would scarcely have prepossessed liking in people too old to be swayed by the tint of an eye or the shape of a nose.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Ryde sat down to her knitting, and from knitting passed very soon and very placidly to nod-

ding, while, as "the sun went down behind the western hill to die," and the evening shadows began to lengthen, Miss Alston asked her guest if he felt well enough to walk to the river and look at the scene of his escape. He willingly acceded, and drawing aside the curtain of the window near which they sat, the young lady stepped out on the piazza.

"We need not wake Mrs. Ryde," she said. "Let us leave her to peaceful slumbers. I always walk in the evening; and Royal knows it. See! he is waiting for me."

The dog, who was lying on the steps, bounded forward as she spoke, and she bent down to caress him in her usual way.

"So this is my preserver, is it?" said Martin. "I must not forget him. Here, sir. Won't you speak to me now? S—oh!"

It was very easy to say S—oh, but it was by no means so easy to ingratiate himself into Royal's good graces; for as he, too, bent down and laid his hand on the broad noble head, the dog did a thing which was almost unexampled in his life—he not only growled, but he showed his teeth in a formidable grin.

"Royal, I am ashamed of you!" cried his mistress; but she laughed despite her tone—while the gentleman drew back discomfitted, and it seemed a little piqued.

"He is wonderfully ill-natured to me," he said. "I wonder if he has not forgiven me the cold bath I cost him."

"And he never was ill-natured before," said Miss Alston. "It is strange; but I hope he will get over it. Come, Royal, are you going to stay at home because Mr. Martin is along?"

Royal signified that he had no such intention by coming with her; but it was quite slowly and reluctantly; and he evinced his steady disapproval of the visitor, by keeping away from his side, and indulging in a menacing growl if their paths crossed even for a moment. Poor Royal! He had to submit to find himself and his ill-humor ignored very completely; for it was not to be supposed that a young lady and young gentleman would walk along on a summer evening with nothing better to talk of than a dog's caprice; and after a while, as it chanced, Mr. Martin began to tell his hostess who and what he was.

"I think you ought to know," he said, "since you have been so kind. I am a gentleman—but, like Cesario, my birth is much above my fortunes, for I am as poor as Job, and I came up into your beautiful hill country on a mere sketching tour."

"You are an artist, then?"

He laughed bitterly.

"I dabble in paints, and make a little money at it; but I might better describe myself an artisan than an artist. I have some talent, but no genius; and I do the drudge-work of the profession—that is all."

"You are very young. You cannot tell yet what you may be."

"I am not so very young. I am thirty."

"Indeed!"

She could not help looking at him in surprise; but the surprise abated somewhat after the look: for she caught a sudden expression of the changing face, which showed that he told the truth. They walked along in silence for a minute, and then Martin spoke again.

"Don't think I mean to obtrude my private affairs upon you—but it was my duty to let you know who you have been so hospitably entertaining. I had very little idea what an adventure fate was preparing for me when I rode down to the Y—— that evening."

"You remember, however, that I warned you not to try the ford. I am sorry to say it—but you were very willful."

"Was I? I have always been so, I am afraid. And is this the place?"

"This is it."

They paused—beneath the live-oak where she had stood that evening—and Mr. Martin gazed quite meditatively at the river. It was reduced to its ordinary appearance now, and seemed very peaceful as it swept smoothly by; but nevertheless he turned, after a moment, and looked wonderingly at his companion.

"And you went out there to rescue a stranger who had disregarded your warning, and deserved nothing better than drowning," he said. "Miss Alston, your soul must have come down to you from the heroic days. People don't do such things now."

"I thought they did them very often, Mr. Martin; but if you want to make me regret that I did not leave you to drown, you will pay, or attempt to pay, me another compliment on the subject. Here is a canoe—if you know how to row, and don't mind getting your feet wet, you may take me out into the stream and I will show you exactly where Royal found you."

"I would prefer to know where you found me."

"You are very ungrateful, then—but I will show you that, too. After you have seen it, you will appreciate how little I deserve your praise."

They stepped into the canoe—a mere dug-out, and so very rickety that, much to his dissatisfaction, Royal was bidden to remain behind—and the gentleman pulled forward very well, considering his weak condition. The two points of interest were shown, and after he had seen the last one, and measured with his eye its distance from the bank, he could not forbear saying:

"How well you must swim!"

"I was taught early," she answered sadly. "My mother was drowned—here in this very river—for want of a little knowledge of swimming; and my father taught me the science in my childhood. I have been grateful to him many times, but never more so than when it enabled me to assist Royal in saving your life."

She spoke with the frank simplicity which characterized everything she said or did; and the vainest man alive could not have misinterpreted her words. The man whom she addressed had faults enough, but vanity was not one of them, and he understood her perfectly.

"Yes; you saved my life," he said, pulling slowly toward the shore. "I only wish it had been a better one; but such as it is, I suppose it was worth saving; and I shall always feel to my dying day, as if it belonged to you."

She looked up at him with a smile.

"That is not necessary. I assure you I make no claim upon it."

"But you have one, nevertheless," he persisted—"one which neither of us could ignore, if we desired to do so. Worthless or valuable, we must both feel one thing—I was thrown down at your feet as treasure trove."

A few days afterwards, Mr. Martin made his adieux to his kind entertainer, and shouldering his knapsack—that is, his portfolio—took his departure from Mildred Alston's stately home, to the narrow quarters of a best room at a farm-house near by. He was received very kindly on Miss Alston's recommendation; though a guest who offered to pay liberal board, and intended to spend his time in objectless rambling among the hills, was rather a novelty to the good people of this primitive region. They were philosophical people in the main, however, and took the goods the gods provided, without troubling themselves with undue inquiry into a matter which did not concern them. "It's a quare notion," said Widow Brown to her friends, "but law me! it don't hurt nobody. He's a nice, mannerly young man, and though he do come in awful wet sometimes—from goin' too far, and bein' caught in storms—I reckon he knows what he's arter. Any how, it's a great help to me, havin' him here; for the freshet spiled so much of John's corn, and the rheumatiz has gone into my right hand so bad, that I can't do any weavin' now, and times is hard with us." So, on this amicable and mutually accommodating footing, matters proceeded for some time. Mr. Martin came and went, got wet or kept dry at his own good pleasure, without let or hindrance, until on an evil day, a rumor went forth of the rambling gentleman's sketching abilities. Then, from far and near, the people flocked in "to have their picturs took;" and let him go where he would, he was sure to be besieged by eager would-be sitters. For a while he was very obliging, and put them down, entirely to their own satisfaction; but before long, he found it absolutely necessary to cry a truce.

"If I spend my time drawing people, I will have no leisure to study nature," he said to Mildred one day, when he had been describing his persecutions. "If they were picturesque now, it would be a different matter! I don't mean to be ungrateful for their appreciation of my abilities; but indeed it seems to me I never saw people as hideous before!"

"I expect you never came in contact with quite this class before," she answered. "They are no uglier here than elsewhere. Some of them, indeed, are picturesque even if they are ugly, and I think might be made very effective figures on canvass. I wonder you do not try."

He made a petulant motion.

"I have no fancy for *genre*," he said. "They told me long ago—the critics, I mean—that I might succeed in that line better than in any other; but I hate it! The idea of painting an old woman at a well, or a child with a kitten, or a kitchen dresser, or anything of the sort, fills me with such disgust, that I want to throw down palette and brushes at once. It isn't that I don't know such things have been done, and well done; but simply that I was not born to do them."

"I thought you said painting was a trade and not an art, with you?"

"I say a great many foolish things—but I don't quite mean you to believe them all."

"O!" She laughed softly. "I see! you have borrowed a fit of caprice from some of your fair sitters. Never mind—forget my unpalatable advice, as it does not suit you. I know very well that 'genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.'"

"Genius!—talent!" he repeated. "For heaven's sake, don't taunt me with my incapacity! You must know that there never lived a hewer of wood and drawer of water with less of the divine afflatus than I have."

She looked at him steadily, and a little wistfully.

"I am very uneducated in the matter of art," she said. "I cannot tell the merit of a picture any farther than as its beauty or its pathos affects myself; but I think you are mistaken. I think you are disheartened because your ideal is so far beyond your efforts. But do you not see for yourself how much better this is?—do you not feel what poor promise there would be for your future if it were not so?"

"I see and I feel that I am a selfish fool to bore you in this way; and that you are a comforter who speaks with the voice of an angel. You may be right—I should not have cared once whether you were right or wrong—but now I hope that you may be right. By the by, I am going to ask you a great favor—a favor so great that I fear you will not grant it."

"You may be sure that I will grant anything reasonable."

"But this is very unreasonable—at least I am afraid you may think so. In one word, there is a conception of a picture which torments me night and day, and I want your permission to paint it."

"My permission!"

"Necessarily, since you are the subject. Ah, I thought you would be surprised and displeased."

Miss Alston had started certainly, but she recovered herself the next instant, and looked at him with a smile.

"I am surprised," she said, "for artists generally like a beautiful subject; but I am not displeased. There is no reason why you should not do it. How do you want to paint me?"

"As I saw you first, on the river bank, with Royal by your side. If I can put you on my canvass as you looked to me then—if I can embody that 'calm simplicity of grace' which was a revelation to me—I will never doubt again that I am an artist."

"You shall try, at least," she said warmly; "and if you succeed—but then I have no doubt of your success. When will you begin?"

"Now—at once!" he answered eagerly. "Call Royal, and let us go down to the river. I will sketch you under the large live-oak."

So they went down to the river, and he sketched her in Una's own attitude, working with such zest and spirit that he even forgot to be cynical about his capabilities; and when he went back to the house, and showed the result of his labor to Mrs. Ryde, that good lady gave quite a little scream over it. "O, Mildred, it is you, as like as like can be!" she cried. "Your very face, your very figure, and the very way you hold yourself. Mr. Martin, how did you ever do it as well?"

Mr. Martin laughed. "It was my inspiration, not me, Mrs. Ryde," he said—and he looked at Mildred as he said it.

"Time put his sickle in among the days," and as the golden August weeks rolled by, it was amazing how much time the young painter managed to spend at Mildred Alston's side. The picture was a standing excuse for this; since, though he painted it at the farm-house, he was of course obliged to draw constant inspiration from his subject; and, moreover, needed sittings from Royal, who detested him so heartily that he would never be quiet in his presence unless his mistress' hand was on his head. Occasionally, though not very often, Miss Alston walked over to the farm-house, and sat and talked of crops and weaving to Mrs. Brown, while Martin dashed in her likeness on his canvass. But even she—who rarely hesitated to show a very grand disregard of the conventionalities—knew this would not bear frequent repetition, unless she meant to set every gossiping tongue of the country-side in motion. She was not unaware of the fact that they were in motion already—that the whole country rang with her exploit, and with the intimacy which followed it—but save in this one concession, she let the stream of gossip pass by totally unheeded. She was a girl who had been a mystery to the county at all times, especially since she reached her majority, and severing all connection with the uncle who had been her guardian, took the bold step of living under her own roof, with only a companion of her own sex. But she was most of all a mystery just now. What did she mean? Could she intend to throw herself and her fortune—a fortune on which many social magnates were known to look with covetous eyes—at the head of an adventurer like this! If she meant to do it, there was nobody who had the power to place an obstacle in her way—the county knew that very well—so it held its breath, waiting to see whether or no the legend of King Cophetua and the beggar maid was to be reversed and modernized, for its benefit.

Matters certainly began to look very much that way as time went on—so much so, indeed, that at last even Mrs. Ryde's eyes were opened, and after considerable deliberation, she hesitatingly prepared to sound her young charge on the subject.

"Don't you think that Mr. Martin comes here very often, Mildred?" she asked, one day, after Mr. Martin had just taken his departure. "Of course he is very pleasant, and I like him exceedingly, but—but are you not afraid people will begin to talk?"

"People talk about everything," said Mildred quietly. "If I stopped to consider them, I would never do anything. I would live at home like a recluse, and then they would talk about that."

"But this is different, dear. I don't want to vex or worry you; but a girl should be very careful how she is talked about in this way, Mildred."

"In what way?" asked Mildred, looking up half laughingly. But then she saw the anxiety on her old friend's face, and stopped short. "You talk of worrying me," she said kindly, "but it seems to me it is I who am worrying you. Why should you object to Mr. Martin's visits? Is he not very pleasant? And as for what people say, you may be sure of one thing, I will never give them an opportunity to say any harm of me."

"Harm!" repeated the old lady. "I'm not afraid of that. How could I be? But, Mildred, don't you know that if you go on in this way, they will say you mean to marry Mr. Martin."

"Well—and what if they do say so?"

"What if—." Mrs. Ryde broke down, and stared at the speaker in blank astonishment. For the first time an actual and tangible apprehension flashed across her. Was the girl in earnest? Did she really mean anything half so mad as this?

"My dear," she cried, "how—how can you talk so? Of course it matters a great deal what they say, and you should consider. A girl like you, and an orphan besides, should be very careful how she gives cause for gossip. O, my dear, you don't—you can't mean that you really would marry Mr. Martin!"

She looked at Mildred with such trembling eagerness, that Mildred came over and kissed her.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Ryde," she said quietly, "I mean that."

"Now, when Mildred said "I mean that," everybody who knew her knew that argument was at an end. Not that she was one of the obstinate people who shut their ears to reason as immovably fast as if they were stocks or stones; but simply that she rarely made up her mind without weighing every side of a question, and having once made it up, rarely saw cause to change it. Mrs. Ryde was as much shocked as a decorous old lady of three score could well have been; but she felt at once that the resolution thus declared was planted on a rock, and she wasted no useless strength against it. She only folded her hands, in a sort of hopeless despair, and said:

"My dear, I am very sorry to hear it."

"Sorry to hear it!" repeated Mildred, and she knelt down so as to bring her young face on a level with the old one. "Sorry to hear that I have found some one at last who loves me, and whom I can love with all the strength which God gave me? Sorry that I can never be desolate, never be lonely, never be cold and hard with the coldness and hardness of isolation? Sorry! O, Mrs. Ryde, you were my mother's friend before you were mine. Don't tell me you are sorry that I have found happiness at last!"

The old woman looked at her with a sudden rush of those tears which come as readily to the eyes of age, as they come heavily and burningly to those of youth. The desolate orphanhood of the girl rose before her; the isolation of heart and life which had been her portion from earliest childhood; and she could not bring herself to warn, as perhaps she should have warned.

"No, dear, I am not sorry," she said. "I am very glad, if—if you think you have chosen well. But O, Mildred, consider. You know him so little! He is—forgive me, my love—but he is so unfit for you."

"Unfit for me! How?"

"Are you not a great heiress, and is he not—?"

Mildred laid her hand gently but firmly on her lips.

"You must not say that—at least not to me," she interrupted. "I know the world counts things that way, but we should know better. What has my wealth ever brought me in the past, but weariness and care? What does it bring me in the present but that the man I love holds back and is awed on account of it."

"Then Mr. Martin has not yet asked you to marry him?" cried Mrs. Ryde, with a sudden gleam of hope.

"No; he remembers that I am an heiress and he is a painter. But he will speak before long—I am sure of that."

"My dear!"—Mrs. Ryde had been reared in the old school of manners, and this cool mode of discussing a proposal before it was made rather shocked her—"My dear, it seems to me it is hardly, hardly maidenly to talk like this. If I were you, I would wait until Mr. Martin *did* speak."

"Yes, if I were one of the happy girls who have parents and brothers and a host of friends to look after their happiness, I might do so," said Mildred, a little bitterly; "but as it is, I cannot afford to play coy propriety. I have to think and act for myself. Don't judge me hardly, Mrs. Ryde," and she looked very wistfully into the kind blue eyes that gazed sadly at her—"I am not situated like other girls, you know; and so I cannot behave like them. Besides, it seems to me, that there is a very absurd exaggeration of maidenliness—a clutching at the shadow, instead of the substance—in the idea that a woman must feign complete unconsciousness of her lover's devotion until he speaks. If we follow nature we go right, I think; and though nature ordained reserve and reticence for the woman, she never ordained deceit. I make no advances to Mr. Martin; I only show him that when he speaks he is sure of an honest hearing, and a truthful answer.

The elder woman sighed. She was not convinced, but there was something so far removed from all stain of pettiness or pretence in the girl who spoke, that she could not gainsay her words. She only sighed, and entered her last protest.

"You will go your own way, I know that, Mildred; and I know also that I have no right to press my advice any farther than I have already done. But I must say one thing more: Does it never occur to you that Mr. Martin may be a fortune-hunter?"

She asked the question a little apprehensively, but Mildred burst into no vehement disclaimer, or defence of her lover—she only looked up after an instant with the grave, noble serenity of her face unchanged.

"Do you know my motto, Mrs. Ryde?" she asked. "When I was a very little thing, my father gave it to me, and I have tried to act on it ever since. It is this:

"'Trust me all in all,
Or trust me not at all.'

"Now, I should scorn myself, I should think myself unworthy of trust, if I did not give to others the same measure of faith that I ask from them."

"You believe in him, then?"

"Yes, I believe in him, as I desire that he should believe in me."

After that, there was nothing more to be urged. Mrs. Ryde furled her colors at once and gave up the point, only saying:

"God grant you may never regret it."

Two or three days later, Miss Alston came and told her that Gerald Martin had asked her to marry him, and that she had promised to do so.

"Engaged! Engaged to an itinerant painter whom nobody knows. Who may be an—an anything dreadful for aught you can tell! Mildred, I don't believe it."

Mildred smiled. They were walking up and down the flower garden—she and the young lady who had made this energetic speech—and the vehemence of the other did not change by a shade the calmness of her manner.

"Don't you, Rose?" she said. "I am sorry for that, since it is true."

"You are engaged to him?"

"Yes; I am engaged to him."

"But, good heavens! don't you mean to consider the family, and papa, and me—and—and everybody? I really think it is terrible to disgrace us all like this!"

"Disgrace you!" A swift wave of color came over Mildred's face, and then died down again. "Disgrace you, Rose. You surely forget of whom you are speaking. Mr. Martin is a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" and pretty Rose Alston gave her head a toss that nearly sent its topmost knot of curls into a lilac bush near by. "And pray how can you know that, my dear? No doubt he tells you so; but bless me! wouldn't he tell you so any way? For my part, I have no doubt whatever but that he is a *chevalier d' industrie*. He heard you were a great heiress, and an orphan, and your own mistress and all that, and came out here on purpose to marry you—that is it."

"Your sagacity is wonderful, Rose."

"I am sorry I can't return the compliment. But I assure you everybody says the same thing. I heard a rumor of it down at Mrs. Fay's; and as soon as I came home yesterday, papa took me aside and told me how uneasy he was about you, because he heard that you received constant visits from some man—a swindling fellow, he called him—whom you had fished out of the river, and who boarded at Widow Brown's, and painted pictures for a living. So I came over to see about it."

"Well, I hope you are satisfied, now that you have seen about it?"

"Satisfied! Satisfied when I hear that you are going to throw yourself literally away? That is a strange question to ask me. I don't understand it," the young lady went on, with a sudden little stamp of her foot. "I don't see how it is that a woman can do such a thing—and a woman like you who might have made the best match in the State."

"Is making the best match in the State the end and aim of a woman's life, Rose?"

"To be sure it is," answered Rose, with a candor which did her credit. "If she has any other, I don't know what it can be. I only wish I had had your chance, Mildred. O, dear, it is enough to make one cry to see opportunities thrown away so!"

Mildred laughed—the laugh of one who was too happy to be vexed.

"Your opportunities are better than mine," she said. "You are a beauty; I am only an heiress."

"Beauties are plenty, and heiresses are scarce; that is how the matter stands," returned Rose. "I'm no prettier than a dozen other girls in the county; but if I had had your chance, Mildred—"

She broke off with a sigh. Like Mrs. Ryde, she saw the uselessness of argument, and shook her head very despondently. "I should like to know why Providence made it Mildred and not me!" she thought.

They had paused in their walk, and as she asked this modest question of Providence, Miss Rose Alston crossed her hands before her, and leaned pensively over the terrace balustrade, crushing multitudes of its sweet climbing roses. "Don't let me keep you, Mildred," she said, as Mrs. Ryde's voice floated from the house. "I hear your dragoness calling you; no doubt she wants a pair of shoes for one of the old negroes, or a dose of medicine for one of the young ones. Pray go."

"I will be back in a moment," said Mildred; and she went.

Several moments passed, however, and she did not return. The soft September evening was all around and about her cousin, casting a mantle of mellow glory over the garden, the terraces, the distant hills, and seeming as if it might have gladdened and charmed any one to linger amid its wealth of beauty. But appreciation, or, indeed, observation of nature, was not at all in Miss Alston's way. She yawned several times, and then she began to grow impatient of being left so long alone. "Plague take Mrs. Ryde," she said, half aloud; for she was quite a girl of the period, and did not hesitate to use expressions which people who were old-fashioned thought rather unbecoming a lady's lips. "I wonder what she wanted with Mildred! I am sure I did not come over here to stand on the terrace and entertain myself. I might as well go home, and tell the good news to papa. Poor papa! What a pleasant surprise it will be to him!"

She laughed to herself—a laugh of genuine amusement—as she uttered the last word; and then she gave a start, for, glancing down over the roses, she saw a gentleman coming along the lower terrace, whom she knew at once could only be her cousin's *fiance*. He had not seen her yet, so she indulged in a critical stare while he walked carelessly forward, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder, and a dog at his heels, whistling softly the prettiest air in "Martha"—that charming *M'appari*—of which, as it chanced, Mademoiselle Rose was very fond herself. "A gentleman, beyond doubt," she thought, with a crest-fallen feeling. "O, dear! what will papa say? This is worse than—Goodness! Is he coming this way? Will he see me?"

She had hardly asked the question, when he mounted the steps, and stood before her. He gave a start that proved how little he had expected such an apparition in such a place, and then he recovered himself, and took off his hat.

"Miss Alston, I presume?" he said.

"Mr. Martin, I presume?" returned Rose; and she held out her hand, with a frankness that was simply bewitching. "'The Immortals know each other at first sight,' and so do we, it seems. Mildred has just been telling me that you are next thing to my cousin; so we may as well dispense with ceremony, and congratulate ourselves, I suppose."

"I already congratulate myself," said Mr. Martin. "It is seldom that one has such a fair cause for gratitude."

"In the matter of cousinship, do you mean?"

"Yes; or in the matter of anything else."

"Thank you," said she, with a laugh, and looked up at him, fully conscious that she had never appeared to greater advantage than as she stood there, bathed in the September sunlight, and relieved by a background of the royal deep-toned flowers whose name she bore, and to whom she looked akin in the freshness of her grace and beauty.

For, as far as flesh-and-blood prettiness goes, it would be hard to find a prettier girl than Rose Alston was. It was not the beauty that wears, and still less was it the beauty that grows and deepens with time; but it was a beauty which the world at large appreciates more readily than almost any other; and it was very perfect of its kind. It lay on the surface, for everybody to see—that was a great thing gained.

There were no shades of expression to be dived after; no classical features to be criticised; no mooted or disputed points about her. Everybody conceded that her features were indifferent, and their expression not worth considering; but everybody was also obliged to acknowledge that her complexion was exquisite; that her eyes were the largest, the brightest, and the brownest that ever laughed in mischief, or softened in sentiment; that her mouth was the most lovely bit of human sculpture imaginable; and that her rich, brown curls, which she wore piled fantastically all over her head, and the majority of which were her own, might have been painted for the chevelure of Venus. It was only the bewildering freshness of tint, and softness of outline, which belonged to her; but there are few things more secure of admiration during its short life, than this, and every advantage of toilet and grace of manner, had been brought to aid it so well, that although there were undoubtedly many prettier girls in the country-side, there was not one half so much admired as Rose Alston. She knew this very well, none better, and as she looked up at Gerald Martin, and saw the quickening light in his eyes, she understood at once what it meant, and thought, with an inward laugh, that she might as well, *pour passer le temps*, amuse herself with him.

"Mildred has gone in the house," she said, changing the subject abruptly. "You will find her in the store-room, or at the medicine-chest, I suppose. As for me, I was lazy, and stayed out here. It is lovely, isn't it?"

"The evening, do you mean?" asked Mr. Martin, putting down his fishing-rod, and giving no evidence of any intention to seek the store-room or the medicine-chest. "Yes; it is very lovely, especially in the woods. I thought I had never seen anything finer than some of the views among the hills, as I came along. Do you know that you live in a very beautiful country, Miss Alston?"

"Ye-es," said Rose, a little dubiously, "of course I know it—why shouldn't I? But views are not much in my way. They are in yours, I suppose?"

"Naturally so, since I am a landscape painter."

"A landscape painter! I should think that would be so stupid. Why don't you paint people?"

"Why don't you carve statues, Miss Alston?"

"Because I am better employed, for one thing," she answered, with a smile. "But you do paint people sometimes; for I have heard rumors of the wonderful likenesses you have taken of the country people round here."

"Pray don't credit all you may hear; it is the worst mistake in the world."

"Have you not been painting portraits, then?"

"Not unless you choose to dignify a few crayon sketches by that name."

"Crayon or paints, what does it matter?" said she, with a shrug. "You are simply begging the question; and yet, why should you? There is no harm in taking likenesses."

"I hope not, I am sure."

"And there might be a great deal of amusement, I should think. Would you take mine, if I asked you?"

"As you stand there now, I feel tempted to take it without your asking me."

"Pray do, then," said she, laughingly. "I would like it of all things—and we will surprise Mildred when we go to the house."

It was no sooner said than done. Mr. Martin was not in the least prone to diffidence; and the idea of sketching a young lady on five minutes' acquaintance, struck him as rather ridiculous, but certainly as nothing else. He opened his book, and sat down on the steps. "Keep quiet now," he said, "and I will have you in ten minutes."

In less than ten minutes she was on his page, as like as life—her eyes, her smile, her ringlets, sketched in with such hasty but wonderfully graphic strokes, that all that was needed was a dash of color to make it herself. She gave a cry of delight when he showed it to her, and as Mildred came in

sight at the moment, she rushed off to meet her.

"Look, Mildred, look!" she cried. "Mr. Martin has taken the best likeness of me that ever was taken of me in my life—and all in a second. Did you ever see anything better? Isn't it like? Isn't it me?"

"It is very like you," said Mildred, looking from the book to the face that bent over it. "Mr. Martin has succeeded admirably. But then he always does succeed—in the sketch. If he only did as well otherwise—"

"What do you mean? What does she mean?" asked Rose, looking at Martin.

"She means that I fail in elaborating the sketch into a picture," he answered, coming up to them. "She is perfectly right, too—I am ready to hang myself when I look at at that river-side portrait."

"No; don't hang yourself," said Mildred. "It will come out at last, I am sure. But your sketches *are* always the best; and remind me of what Joseph Vernet said of his own."

"What did he say? I don't remember."

"That he could never copy a conception—for if he did, all the spirit and fire remained in the sketch, and the picture was inevitably tame and weak. Now, that river-side portrait—"

"What is the river-side portrait?" interrupted Rose, who cared as much for Joseph Vernet and his sketches as for the efforts of some artist in the moon. "I thought Mr. Martin said he never painted portraits?"

"I had good right to say so," replied Mr. Martin, "since the only one I ever tried to paint has proved an utter failure."

"A portrait of Mildred?"

"Yes."

"Dear me, how singular! I should have thought you could have painted Mildred, of course. I wonder if you would fail if you tried to paint me."

"I will try, if you have no objection."

"Objection! I should be delighted. But then, perhaps, you might succeed, and Mildred would not like that."

Martin looked at Mildred, and met a smile which was very reassuring.

"Mildred would know why I succeeded, if I did succeed, Miss Alston," he said. "It would simply be because it is much more easy to deal with form than with expression."

He turned as he spoke, and went back for his fishing-rod; while Miss Alston—who was *not* Miss Alston, by-the-by, but only Miss Rose Alston—looked at her cousin with a smile.

"He is not too civil, my dear," she said; "but still there is something about him that I rather like."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A gentleman, playing cards at Baden-Baden, was much annoyed by an inquisitive stranger, who stood beside him and pried into his hand. At last he took a pinch of snuff and administered it to his tormentor, immediately saying, "I beg your pardon, but you were so near me, sir, that I mistook your nose for mine."

☞ The first locomotive engine introduced and worked in America, was run upon the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, in the year 1828. It was called the "Stourbridge Lion," and was built in England, of the best workmanship and material, and most approved pattern of that date. This locomotive is now lying outside of a foundry at Carbondale, Luzerne county. It ought to be preserved somewhere as an interesting relic of the early days of railroading.

☞ Several live lizards have been found imbedded in petrified fir trees, which were found in a forest near Calistoga, California. One is now on exhibition at San Francisco. They are unlike any species known.

☞ At Council Bluffs the conductors get the names of all passengers to California, which are telegraphed to the Pacific coast and published several days before the people arrive.

☞ A Portland man sues a barber for $10,000 damages for cutting off his moustache.

☞ A certain New York editor is in quest of special attractions for his paper. He says: "What we want for this column is personalities as mean as possible. Expense of libel suits to be defrayed by the writer; funeral expenses by us."

☞ Captain Eyre, who commanded the English steamer Bombay at the time she sank the Oneida in the bay of Yokohama, has been discharged from the service of the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company.

☞ The house in which Henry Clay was born, near Ashland, Hanover county, Va., was burned recently. It was built over a hundred years since.

☞ Paul Morphy, the noted chess player, is now practising law in New Orleans. He never now plays chess.

☞ The reason why farmers are so long-lived is, that every year they renew the hay-day of their youth.

☞ "Genius will work its way through," as the poet remarked, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

☞ Richard Grant White says, the absurd use of the two words *Help Meet*, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife—is too common. The sentence in Genesis is: "*I will make an help meet for him*"—*i. e.*, a help *fit for* him. There is no such word as helpmeet. The word *Executo* is also wrongly used by most people. When a murderer is hanged, his sentence is executed, the man is not. A man cannot be executed—that is, followed out or performed.

☞ Bismarck's note to England apologizing for the seizure of English vessels in the Seine, is published. He offers full reparation.

☞ Mr. Tennyson, amid his other various occupations, is understood to be contemplating a short epithalamium in honor of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise.

☞ The estate left by Stephen Girard for the maintenance of Girard College consists of stocks worth $520,000, and 187 stores and dwellings in Philadelphia. Besides these, there are 18,000 acres of land in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, valuable for coal, farming, and timber purposes. It absorbs nearly the entire income to pay salaries of professors, to board, clothe, and educate the orphans, and keep the estate in repair.

☞ I hav noticed one thing, that the most virtewous and diskreet folks we hav among us are those who hav either no pashuns at all, or very tame ones—it is a grate deal easier tow be a good dove than a decent serpent.

☞ In a late number of the Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter, Dr. Scheitler, of Baltimore, relates the case of a lady, twenty-eight years old, who had consumed, in two years, 5,840 ounces of laudanum!

AN UNFORTUNATE EDITOR.—An Arkansas editor, who is either very fond of a joke, or has had a sad experience of the responsibilities of his position, lately issued "the paper" without editorial matter, but with a paragraph at the head of the column in which he declared that the wives of his subscribers had so occupied his attention in calling to show their babies that he had had no time to attend to anything else.

☞ A London baker has his bill-heads printed upon paper of three different colors—red, green and white. The object of this is to avoid giving instruction to the man who delivers the bread, flour, &c., to the customers. To prevent mistakes, when the bill was made out upon a red paper, it denoted "danger," and he was not to leave the goods without the cash; if on green paper it denoted "caution," as the customer was doubtful, and the man was to get the money if he could; if on white, it was safe to leave any quantity.

☞ Two San Francisco barbers, engaged to fight a duel, agreed to start and walk around a block, and when they got within sight of each other to blaze away. When they turned the corner out of sight, both started on a run in different directions, and one has sent from Alaska for his winter clothes, and the other has written to his wife from the city of Mexico, asking her to send his linen coat and palm-leaf hat.

☞ One of the most ingenious advertisements we have seen is the following:

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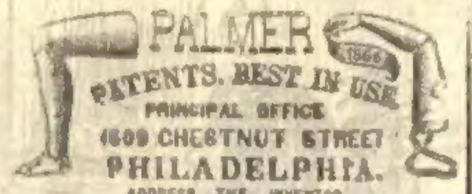

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Only a Shadow.

A story is told of a well-known gentleman who sometimes imbibes too freely, going home late at night recently, and mistaking his shadow outlined on his front door for a man. He paused a little in surprise, and then lifting his hat, very gracefully bade him good-evening.

The shadow imitated his politeness by raising its hat, but of course said nothing.

"A very pleasant evening," said the gentleman.

No reply.

"This is my house, I believe," waving his hand.

The hand of the shadow went through the same graceful curve.

"I should like to get in, sir, if you'll stand aside;" but the shadow made no movement to let him pass.

The gentleman was evidently surprised. He repeated his desire to pass in, but the shadow remained still.

His wife, hearing her husband's voice, looked through the blind, and seeing no one but himself, asked why he didn't come in.

"So I would, my dear, but this gentleman," pointing to the shadow, "insists on blocking up the door."

His wife quietly opened the door, remarking, "That was your shadow."

"Indeed," said the puzzled citizen; "well, now, I thought he was a mighty fine-looking fellow to be so impolite," and went in.

Whenever he shows a disposition now to remain out late at night, his wife has only to remind him of the shadow on the door-step to insure a speedy return.

A Fine Old Man.

The following description of "a fine old man," is by Mark Twain:—"John Wagner, the oldest man in Buffalo—one hundred and four years old—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of these other old men that charge around so in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable. Last November he walked five blocks in a rain storm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents—which was not strictly correct. His 'second crop of rich brown hair' arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a new set of teeth coming—from Philadelphia. He is to be married next week to a girl one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago. John Wagner is two years older than the Rhode Island veteran, and has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life, unless you count whiskey."

Bar Eloquence.

The following specimen of bar eloquence in a not distant Western state was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of inquirendo lunatico. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech:—

"The counsel on the other side, sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, sir, a volume of Blackstone, sir, the great author of the English law; yes, sir, I hold in my hand, sir, that glorious magnus chartus, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, sword in hand, from the bloody barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, sir, I did not intend to make a speech, sir, and as I have not examined the question, sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruvial remarks."

Poets' Names.

A writer remarks that there seems to be a wonderful chance for punning upon the names of poets, ancient and modern, and we submit the following list of conundrums:

Who is the tallest poet?—Longfellow.

Who realized the value of words?—Wordsworth.

Who was the most warlike poet?—Shakspeare.

Who worked in precious metals?—Goldsmith.

Who was permitted to unlock the muses' escritor?—Key.

Who was rich in minerals?—Coleridge.

What poet supposed he was infallible?—Pope.

What poet was a great sufferer?—Paine.

Who was a musical poet?—Campbell.

What poet was not a goose?—Drake.

What poet never was blue?—Greene.

What poet was never troubled with milliners' bills?—Hood.

What poet is well acquainted with the last fashions for men's wear?—Taylor.

What poet was not a colored man?—White.

Crooked Habits.

While shaking hands with an old man, the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers shew the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and once acquired it remains generally through life?

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions, of men and women.

THE HOLIDAYS—A LESSON FROM THE HEATHEN.—The heathen Chinese have some notions that might be advantageously adopted by Christians. The way they celebrate their holidays is one of them. The first thing they do is to pay off old debts and square accounts to a fraction. Money matters having been thus adjusted, they next make up old quarrels, and shake hands all round. Having thus got square, pecuniarily and socially, they eat, drink and are merry, and finally wind up with a sparkling discharge of Chinese fire-crackers. The paying of debts and the making up of quarrels is certainly a good way to begin a celebration of holidays.

☞ "You're a queer chicken," as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

☞ Miss Polly Deer, one of the belles of Montgomery county, Indiana, weighs 500 pounds.

ASTONISHING FACT.

LADY (who is rather plain).—"My dear Lucy, when you have your photograph taken you should always go to a good place, where the man is an artist. I had mine done the other day, and it is *quite beautiful!*"

THE ENGINEER.

Ah! who ever thinks of the bold engineer,
As he stands by his throttle of steel,
And spurs on his steed to its maddened career,
In his thundering and ponderous reel?
Like a soldier begrimed in battle's dark strife,
And brave to the cannon's hot breath,
He, too, plunges on with his long train of life,
Unmindful of danger or death!
Through the daylight,
Into the night,
Dark, dark,
He knows no affright;
O'er ridges
And bridges,
Decayed or strong,
Like a mythic god he rushes along!
Who thinks of the bold engineer?

So true to his post, like a statue he stands,
With his eyes fixed fast on afar;
Our own precious lives he holds in his hands,
Our wealth we give to his care.
For good must he be, the bold engineer,
As he dashes from village to town,
And brings us all safe, 'midst a smile or a tear,
To the forms so dearly our own!
Onward he goes,
His whistle he blows—
Deep, deep,
Through high-drifted snows;
With crossings
And tossings—
In heat and in rain,
O'er the glittering track he pulls the long train!
All hail to the bold engineer!

Manners.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated or hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage and in real life. Talma taught Napoleon the art of behaviour. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode. The power of manner is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—*Emerson.*

Old Buck.

I know of an aged ox who gave yet more extraordinary evidence of thought. Old Buck, of the famous firm of Buck & Brindle, had gone through life without being remarked for any intellectual superiority beyond responding slowly and with a certain senatorial dignity to the ordinary commands of "Whoa, haw!" and "Whoa, gee!" He would close meekly his superb eyes when suffering from the impatient blows of his driver, and when released from work and filled with food he had a certain contemplative look as if taking his laborious life in a sensible, philosophical way. His owner was therefore astonished to find Old Buck one morning guarding a breach in the corn-field fence. He watched him for a while in perfect amazement, the cattle had not only broken through the fence, but the tracks in the soft earth showed that they had been driven out again.

Before this opening the faithful old Nestor of the farm walked to and fro like a sentinel, lowering his long sharp horn in preparation to charge whenever the hungry cattle made a move toward the tempting corn. By what instinctive process did the old ox come to the quick conclusions that prompted him to this faithful protection of his master's property?

☞ Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, said something unpleasant about H. B. Smith, Congressman elect from that district. Smith remarked to him that those statements were conspicuously inexact. Beecher exclaimed, "Do you want to get up a quarrel with the Beecher family?" "No, sir," said Smith, "but I want to know if you intend to get up a fight with the Smith family?" And peace was made between the two great divisions of the human race.

☞ A goat is good as a milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

Don't Be Too Certain.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say.

"John," where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you say it is there it must be there of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.

"Oh, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and, by-and-by, you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain!*"—*Young Pilgrim.*

Are we Degenerating?

T. W. Higginson has taken pains to compare the vital statistics of several generations of two old New England families, and he finds, to the dismay of those who mourn the physical degeneracy of woman since the days of our great grandmothers, that the stock has improved, if anything. He adds:

"No man of middle age can look at a class of students from our elder colleges without seeing them to be physically superior to the same number of college boys, taken twenty-five years ago. The organization of girls being far more delicate and complicated, the same reform reaches them less promptly, but it reaches them at last. The little girls of the present day eat better food, wear more healthful clothing, and breathe more fresh air than their mothers did. The introduction of India rubber boots and water-proof cloaks alone has given a fresh lease of life to multitudes of women who otherwise would have been kept housed whenever it so much as sprinkled. It is desirable, certainly, to venerate our grandmothers, but I am inclined to think, on the whole, that their great-grand-daughters will be the best."

The Poisoned Tongue.

It is a custom in Africa for hunters, when they have killed a poisonous snake, to cut off its head and carefully bury it deep in the ground. A naked foot stepping on one of these fangs would be fatally wounded. The poison would spread in a very short time all through the system. This venom lasts a long time, and is as deadly after the snake is dead as before. Our cruel Indians used to dip the points of their arrows in this poison—so, if they made the least wound, their victim would be sure to die. The snake's poison is in its teeth; but there is something quite as dangerous, and much more common in communities, which has its poison on its tongue. Indeed, your chances of escape from a serpent are greater. The worst snakes usually glide away in fear at the approach of man, unless disturbed or attacked. But this creature, whose poison lurks in his tongue, attacks without provocation, and follows up its victim with untiring perseverance. I will tell you his name, so you will always be able to shun him. He is called Slanderer. He poisons worse than a serpent. Often his venom strikes to the life of a whole family or neighborhood, destroying all peace and confidence.

Such is Fame.

A correspondent, writing of Longfellow, tells this: "One day a kindly old gentleman, whose sympathies had come down from a former generation evidently, rang the poet's door-bell, and was shown in to the master of the house. "Is this house Washington's headquarters?" he asked. "Yes," the poet kindly answered. "Well, I heard so, and I came to take a look at the place." "You are very welcome," was the reply, and the simple-minded old stranger was shown through the chambers, up stairs and down, very courteously by the poet himself, and his appetite for historical association was gratified, when finally he turned to Mr. Longfellow and expressing his satisfaction and thanks, was interested sufficiently in the polite host to ask, simply, "What is your name?" "My name is Longfellow." "Long—fellow—Longfellow? Well, now, I did hear of a man of that name down in Bil-rick-ey (Billerica). Are you any kin to him?"

☞ A young Louisvillian enjoyed a tete-a-tete with his beloved, in a doctor's study on a recent evening, till a skeleton hanging up began to rattle ominously. Both thought ghosts, and fled. It was found that a rat was building his nest in the skull, and his movements caused the rattling.

AGRICULTURAL.

Steaming Food for Stock.

This process will cost much more for the fixtures necessary to be used, and will require much more exact care than cutting and soaking the fodder. This care, however, will make every pound of food tell with the fullest effect in the production of meat, milk, or strength. We have visited several farms where the practice of steaming is adopted, found the system approved, and the stock looking well. The product of milk in the cows was very considerably increased; the horses were sleek and strong and the young cattle with soft, loose skins, and having every way a thrifty appearance.

The most thorough example of steaming food for stock is afforded in the case of Mr. E. W. Stewart, of North Evans, N. Y., in which he details his experience of ten years in steaming food for a large stock of cattle and horses, and states why steaming is beneficial.

1. He says it renders mouldy hay, straw, and corn-stalks sweet and palatable.

2. It diffuses the odor of the shorts, corn-meal, oil-meal, carrots, or whatever is mixed with the feed, through the whole mass.

3. It softens the tough fibre of the dry corn-stalk, rye-straw, and other hard material, rendering it almost like green succulent food, and easily masticated and digested by the animal.

4. It enables the feeder to turn everything raised into food for the stock, without lessening the value of his manure. Indeed, the manure made from steamed food decomposes more readily, and is therefore more valuable than when used in a fresh state. Manure so made is always ready for use, and is regarded by those who have used it as much more valuable, for the same bulk, than that made from uncooked food.

5. It cures incipient heaves in horses; arrests a cough, alleviates constipation, and seems to have all the good influences of grass—the natural food of animals.

6. It produces a marked difference in the appearance of the animal, at once causing the coat to become smooth and of a brighter color; regulates the digestion, so that the animal is more quiet and contented; enables fattening stock to eat their food with less labor, and to fatten them in one-third less time than on uncooked food. It gives working animals time to eat all that is necessary for them in the intervals of labor, which is important with working horses.

7. It saves, he says, at least *one-third* of the food. He found two bushels of cut and cooked hay to satisfy cows as well as *three* bushels of uncooked hay, and the manure in the case of the uncooked hay contained much the most fibrous matter.

Governor Boutwell—now Secretary of the Treasury—has for several years practiced cutting the fodder, at his farm in Groton, Mass., throwing it into a large chest made for the purpose, and letting boiling water upon it; then cover tight, stand twelve hours and feed it out. In this way he found the cattle ate all clean, as meal of some kind had been added, and had flavored the whole. The cows yielded milk freely, and large quantities of the finest butter were made from it, extending, we are informed, far into the winter season.

Boilers are now constructed well adapted to steaming food for stock, so that the whole apparatus may be set in motion at a very moderate cost. It will be economical for those about setting up a steamer, to visit some already in use, and spending a day by it to learn how it is constructed, and how to "run it" when ready for use.

The present high prices of hay may prove an opportunity to thousands of farmers to turn some portion of it into cash, and at the same time keep the usual amount of stock in good condition, by being more careful and systematic in feeding out less valuable fodder.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Social Intercourse for Farmers.

Farmers necessarily live at considerable distances from each other, and in consequence of this and their habits of steady labor, confine themselves too much to their own fields and firesides. They and their families need recreation, need pleasures, need something to counteract the effect of the constant labor in which they are engaged. The mechanic in the village or city has his mind frequently drawn away from his work by that which is going on around him, but the farmer, being differently situated, finds nothing to break up the monotony unless he seeks for it elsewhere. It is quite probable that more work would be accomplished and a better tone of feeling be experienced, to say nothing of the more cheerful countenance which would be worn, if a half day each week were given to social intercourse with fellow farmers, instead of devoting six full days each week to unremitting labor. After a day spent pleasantly away from home, the labor is not so irksome—the laborer is happier. Allowing as much was not accomplished by giving a little time to relaxation, it should be borne in mind that food and raiment for the family, forage for the stock, and money for the bank, are not the only things worth striving for. We need happiness as well. But if a portion of this time be given to a wide awake farmers' club, ideas will be gained, practical knowledge acquired, which in time will bring about results far in excess of those which will be realized by the farmer who does not improve these opportunities.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Working Bulls.

Why should they not be taught to work the same as oxen? It is believed that it is no more difficult to break them. We have ourselves seen bulls work singly with as much docility and efficiency as oxen. The ring in the nose with a strap to it gives the driver complete control over the animal under all circumstances. They draw well and steadily and can be taught to start and stop with the same readiness as oxen. A writer in the Carolina Farmer mentions how useful he finds his bull and cart, which does a great deal of hauling, going to the mill, &c., and is managed by a boy who could not manage a horse. All that is necessary is to get in the way of breaking in bulls; and once began it will soon be seen how easily they can be controlled and of how much value they will prove to the farmer, especially in the busy season.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Hints about Flowers.

House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain-water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring-water even more stimulating to your plants than rain-water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water) they will grow more thrifty. Chicken manure dissolved in water is excellent. Always keep the soil in your flower pots loose. A common hair-pin used daily will stir the earth sufficiently.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Problem.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 6, 19, 26, 7, 14, is a mountainous country in Austria.

My 28, 29, 20, 2, 4, 15, is a sea mentioned in the Bible.

My 15, 11, 20, 4, 22, is a range of mountains in South America.

My 20, 21, 25, 29, 28, 6, is a division of the land.

My 19, 15, 28, 20, is a measure.

My 7, 3, 4, 23, 5, is the largest body of water.

My 3, 15, 11, 10, 5, 26, are deep mountain gorges in Colorado.

My 17, 7, 14, 10, 28, 15, 20, 7, is a Western State.

My 3, 15, 12, 15, 28, 23, 17, 6, is a fall of water over a precipice.

My 9, 7, 27, 16, 6, 4, 28, 21, 18, 24, 2, is a volcano in the Antarctic Continent.

My whole was a difficult feat first accomplished in August, 1787. RUDOLPH.

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 14, 7, 17, is a river.
My 7, 3, 7, 18, 14, is a sea.
My 1, 2, 4, 7, 15, is a girl's name.
My 9, 12, 7, 9, is a lake.
My 6, 15, 5, 9, 7, 16, 19, 1, are in THE POST.
My 10, 7, 10, 18, 14, is a wheel that is not needed.
My 3, 7, 3, 3, is a town in Alabama.
My whole is something you should do.
B. J. C.

Mathematical Problem.

Determine the average of the areas of all the triangles having a perimeter of 42 rods.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does the minister have more wives than any one else? Ans.—Because he often marries a couple at a time.

☞ What kind of a building would you name did you wish to learn a secret? Ans.—Hotel. (O tell!)

☞ Why is a girl not a noun? Ans.—Because alas (a lass) is an interjection.

☞ What vegetable is most like a teetotaler? Ans.—The pot-hater.

☞ Of what feminine creature are you reminded on the completion of a building? Ans.—A housemaid.

☞ Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Ans.—Because you can't make them here.

☞ What tradespeople are those whose society appears most desirable to ladies? Ans.—Corset makers; for ladies not only ask them to make stays, but pay them for every stay they make.

☞ Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Ans.—Because for every grain they give a peck.

Palindrome.—Prize Offer.

The person sending the best original Palindrome to my address before the 1st of March, 1871, will receive my photograph and a copy of "Our Schoolday Visitor Mathematical Annual."

A Palindrome is a sentence or verse that reads the same backwards as forwards.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Cleansing the stables of Aurgeas by turning a river through them. RIDDLE—Ravenscroft Academy.

RECEIPTS.

HEAD-CHEESE.—After the heads have been properly trimmed (*i. e.*, minus eyes, ears, and nose,) and cut up and soaked in cold water (two days at least,) to extract the blood, wash them in warm water, and put on to boil; cook them in plenty of water till the bones drop out, then set off to cool, pouring all the liquid into one vessel and the meat in another; as soon as cool enough pick out every bone with your fingers, then chop the meat fine, the same as though making hash, season with plenty of pepper, salt, and pulverized sage. It is an improvement for those who are fond of high seasoning, to chop up a good large red pepper with the meat, and put just a pinch of ground spice and cloves in with the pepper and salt. Skim all the grease you can off the liquid, and put it and the meat back in the pot, let all boil together a few moments, then pour in a pan to cool.

If there are pigs' feet to pickle, boil at the same time and put the water they are cooked in in the head-cheese.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING.—Pick over and wash a teacupful of best rice. Steam it, until tender, in two cups of cold water; spread it over a quart or three pints of good ripe apples, quartered; pour over one or two cups of milk, if preferred, or omit the milk and add a little water to the apples. Half a cup of white sugar may be sprinkled over the apples, or sugar may be added at the table, if preferred.

To an unperverted appetite, this and several of these puddings will relish without the sugar, or indeed the milk, if carefully baked, and if rich apples are used.

A good rice pudding is made by stirring two cups of pitted and stewed raisins into the steamed rice, milk and sugar, and baked an hour.

FELONS.—The following simple recipe for the cure of felons we clip from a far-off exchange:—"Many persons suffer extremely from felons on the finger. These afflictions are not only very painful, but not unfrequently occasion permanent crippling of the members affected. The following simple prescription is recommended as a cure for this distressing ailment: Take common rock salt, such as is used in salting down beef or pork, and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts, and as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured. The felon will be dead; it will do you no harm to try it."